

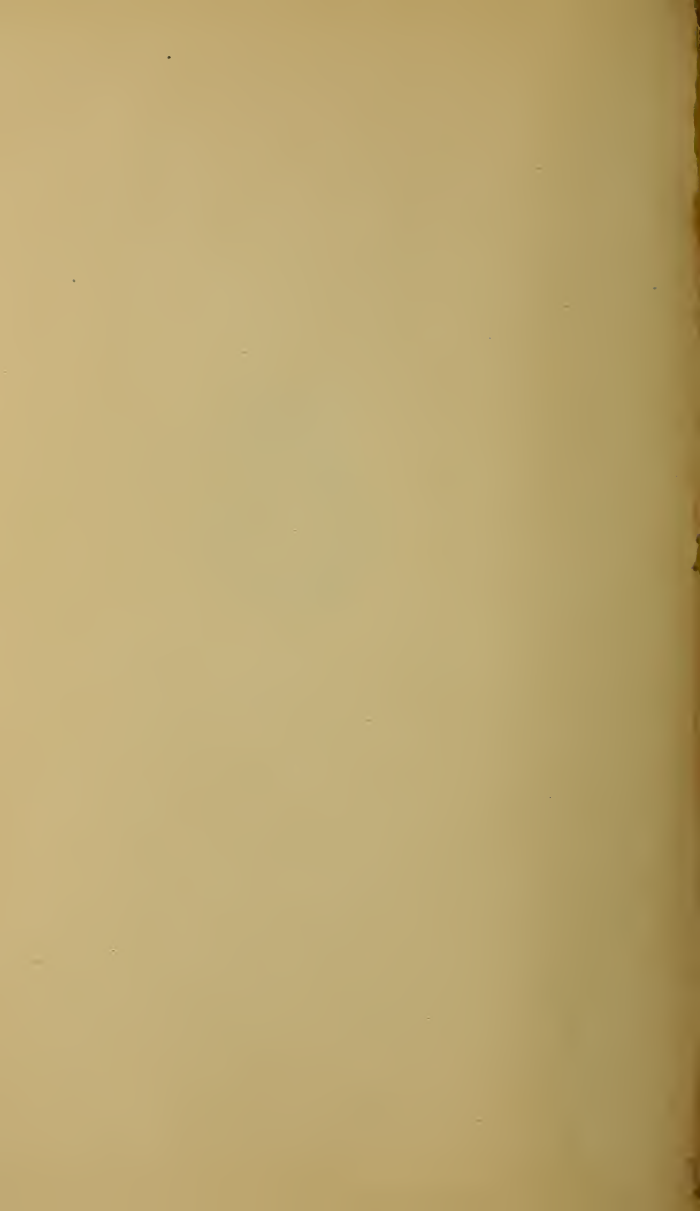
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GRANTS
CHATTANOOGA
CAMPAIGN.

BATTLE FIELDS REVISITED.

COMRADE C. O. BROWN

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ANDERSON, PUBLISHERS, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN.

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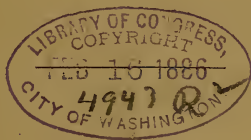
Collection

BATTLE-FIELDS REVISITED.

GRANT'S CHATTANOOGA CAMPAIGN,

A HORSEBACK RIDE FROM CHATTA-
NOOGA TO ATLANTA.

BY COMRADE C. O. BROWN.



KALAMAZOO, MICH.:
EATON & ANDERSON.
1886.

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Preface.

The following pages were originally addressed to the Kalamazoo *Daily Telegraph* in the form of newspaper correspondence. Written hastily on the journey—sometimes beneath an inviting tree, or in a fence corner by the roadside, sometimes in the deserted forts or trenches themselves—publication in book form was the last thing that the writer dreamed of. He was on a vacation trip, tramping and

“Tenting on the old camp ground.”

The thought occurred to him that things which were found to be of such intense interest to himself might also interest his comrades if they were jotted down. With that view the first series of letters was written. On his way north he stopped off in time to attend the great re-union of Ohio soldiers held at Columbus, August 12, 1880. President Hayes, General Sherman and other prominent generals were present, besides a throng of many thousand veterans, of the rank and file. Some one having learned of the author's trip, he was called out and gave a very brief account, which was so heartily received that he was led to think that his letters to the *Telegraph*, if gathered into pamphlet form, might prove acceptable to many

who desired a fuller account. An edition was published, which without any especial attempt at advertising, sold readily, and is exhausted. The demand however continues. It has, therefore, been determined to issue a new edition, adding a second series of letters, written during a more recent visit, in which the writer was accompanied by his wife. The letters will be but slightly modified. The writer believes that the words as they were written on the spot, with the scenes before him, will be more vivid, and therefore more acceptable to his comrades, than if he had dressed them over and put them into a starched collar and cuffs. The boys at the front had a poor opinion of soldiers who wore "biled shirts" during the war. Too fine a uniform was a sure sign of a shirk. The men in dusty shoes, and rusty blouses, were the men who saved the Union. Those were rugged times. The words which would recall them, even briefly, must not be too smooth.

CHAS. O. BROWN.

Kalamazoo, Sept. 10, 1885.

To Chattanooga.

A MIDSUMMER EXPEDITION—MAMMOTH COMMERCIAL
UNDERTAKING—RAILROADING IN AIR—A FLIGHT
AMONG THE MOUNTAINEERS.

LEAVING Kalamazoo yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock (July 23d, 1880,) via the G. R. & I. railroad, I arrived, without any peculiarly interesting event, at Cincinnati by the 7:40 A. M. train. The morning was clear and beautiful as the long shadows of the trees, cast by the rising sun, fell across the beautiful river through whose valley we approached the city. Before we reached Hamilton, 20 miles north of Cincinnati, the smoke which pre-tokened our proximity to Cincinnati was apparent, and before we reached that city the cloud had grown so thick and black as almost to obscure the sun.

I determined to go South by the new and wonderful Cincinnati Southern railroad to Chattanooga, leaving the Ohio river trip to the return, when I can enjoy it by daylight. Here, I am at Chattanooga again, within cannon-shot of four famous battle-fields—Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Chattanooga, and Lookout Mountain—which latter I can see plainly, apparently only a few rods from my hotel window—really three miles away. In this clear mountain air since sun-down the mercury cannot be higher than 65°, for it is quite chilly. At no time yesterday through

southern Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee, did it reach higher than 74°.

Many of you doubtless know the history of the railroad over which I have this afternoon come to this place. It was built (and is owned) by the city of Cincinnati, at an expense of \$22,000,000, through 335 miles of the extremely mountainous and rugged region of east Kentucky and Tennessee, for the purpose of attracting southern trade. Taken all in all, it is one of the most masterly pieces of modern engineering. For more than 200 miles of its course there is scarcely a foot but has required the severest of grading through solid rock. Nature has economized the drift covering of all this region, for a foot or two of shoveling lays bare the bed-rock of lime-stone through which the numerous deep cuts have had to be blasted. There are 27 tunnels on the line, 25 of them within 100 miles! and there are deep chasms innumerable, which have been spanned by magnificent iron trestles, not unfrequently 170 to 200 feet in height, over which the train rolls as if it were dancing in air. Indeed such is the impression, unless the traveler thrusts out his head to see whether there be anything under him, for there are no railings. In one or two instances the train bursts from a tunnel full upon these airy structures. Such is the case at the Cumberland river, where the traveler looks back upon a face of perpendicular rock, from which he has just emerged, and out into a chasm 160 feet below him, and on

either side are mountains of striking beauty. The Kentucky river is spanned by the highest bridge of the course (286 feet high), which indeed is the highest bridge in the world! It had been intended to build at this point a suspension bridge and the lofty pillars still stand unused. As to the road-bed it is ballasted throughout its entire length with broken stone and is one of the finest in the country, although but six months in use. This may be inferred from the fact that the 335 miles was made in a little over 10 hours. In the vicinity of Lexington Henry Clay's monument is plainly seen from the cars. The country is beautiful in its fine farms and wealthy residences, each partly surrounded with its circle of negro huts, as in the former years. But for the most part the road has penetrated "a waste, howling wilderness," uninhabited, save by the "poor white trash," and almost wholly unimproved. What soldier does not remember the numerous and indescribably miserable huts of the poor whites?

For more than 150 miles the road creeps along the sides or the very ridges of mountain chains, over which there are no roads, only bridle paths, which connect the log houses of the mountaineers which are everywhere in this region. The railroad has only laid this strange people entirely open to the inspection of civilization, for here they had lived for generations. Although I had previously travelled thousands of miles in the South, never had

I seen a better opportunity to study the poor whites. The other regular routes of travel seem only to intersect their mountain ranges, while here you have them in view for nearly 200 miles. What is that, away down yonder in the valley, 150 feet beneath the bridge; or, as by chance, clinging to the mountain side, amid the oak trees that have not been cleared from the door? Why it is a log hut, perhaps 12 by 14, scarcely ever larger, and not to exceed six feet high at the eaves. It is rudely covered with shakes, some of which have perhaps blown off, leaving openings; its logs discover large open spaces where the "chinking" has fallen out, and although there is nothing which could be called a window, so also is there no need of one, for you can see clear through from side to side by these openings. There is no dooryard, not a sign of growing vegetables; but down yonder, perhaps half a mile away, is an acre or two of sickly corn, possibly one or two acres of wheat. The fields are covered with all of the large timber, which still stands in the form of "girdlings." These crops must suffice for the living of the family. They are for the most part grown by the women, while the men spend their time loitering at some log hut, which serves as a grocery and saloon, which they attend daily, going on horseback or roaming over the mountains with gun and dog. We passed large numbers of these "villages" — often consisting of only one or two of these huts. No

matter what the size of the "village," there was always a large squad of saddled horses and mules tied about in the bushes; while the long, lean and lank owners stand on the "grocery" steps. One can scarcely imagine, until he has tried it, how strange is the sensation produced by whirling through this wild, mountainous region for nearly 200 miles without seeing any higher evidences of civilization than I have described; except those connected with the fine railroad on which he is traveling. In the door of every one of these huts (which are far less comfortable than some which Stanley describes as having seen in Central Africa), stood the mother, holding the nearly naked, but none the less inevitable, baby; while in and around the hut might be seen half a dozen more children of all sizes—also nearly naked. "This country raises nothing but tan-bark and babies," said one of the railroad employes; while such is the preponderance of the latter commodity that I had not noticed the former! It will be seen therefore that Cincinnati enterprise seeks to tap the South at its very heart, over a barren region where for years the local trade can be only nominal, and already the plan is a success. Long lines of freights nearly choke the road. The passenger rates have been reduced to half-fare, \$6.75 paying for a first-class ride over the entire line, with its truly wonderful mountain scenery.

About four o'clock, while we were in the midst of the tunnel region, I accosted the conductor:

"How about a chance to ride a while on the engine?"

"Can't be done!"

"But see here a minute, conductor; I've been taking notes all the afternoon, and I'm going to write you up. You see, I'd like to put in an account of a ride on an engine through these wonderful gorges."

"Oh, yes; I see! You just come forward next stop."

So I was duly installed by the side of the engineer, Mr. E. L. Burk, whom I found very companionable.

"It takes a man of nerve to ride on this engine, sir," he said to me as I took my seat by his side. And so it would seem. Just look back a moment. Have you ever been around the famous "Horse Shoe curve" on the Pennsylvania Central? If so, just imagine that curve torn loose from its nestling against the concave base of the mountain and set up on iron stilts 175 feet high; then imagine the rapid flowing New river beneath, then you have it! In a word, the road emerges from a deep cut in the side of the mountain; begins a semi-circle at the base of the mountain; then, at a turn, cuts loose from the mountain, springs out over the frightful valley, and completes the sharp curve on a quarter of a mile of iron trestles 175 feet in air. On we plunge! Talk about "curves," and "cuts," and "scenery!" Talk about the Lehigh Valley road! Imagine that road to have been

“doubled and twisted” and then hung up to dry and wrinkle, and you will perhaps have a few more curves than the Cincinnati Southern! I rode sixty miles with the engineer, and during the greater part of that time I could not see more than from six to eight rods ahead of the engine, which swept around the curves, first to this side and then to that, as rapidly as the Pacific express goes through Galesburg! See! there before us is the sharp angle in the rock. Beyond it you see off into the valley hundreds of feet below; and yet around that centrifugal curve the engine dashes, only to turn sharply again and lose itself in the utter darkness of a half-mile or so of tunnel! During the daytime the head-lamp is not lighted, and the engineer plunges through without a ray to tell whether any rock has fallen from the ceiling across the track. During my ride on the engine we passed through twenty of these tunnels. But who can properly paint the beauties of the Emory river valley, which the railroad skirts for seventeen miles? with its crystal-pure water dashing over the rocks; with its lining on either side of high mountains which come close down to the water; with its frequently steep escarpment of bare rock. I here challenge criticism by venturing the assertion that there is nothing on the Hudson river to surpass it, and I firmly believe there is nothing there to equal it.

Grant's Mountain Campaign.

REVIVING OLD MEMORIES FROM POINT LOOKOUT—
PRIZE OF THE STRATEGISTS—A STOLEN MARCH—
INCIDENT OF GRANT.

Here we are at familiar old Chattanooga again. The city has grown to twice its former size; but all of this growth and improvement does not change nor even modify the grand natural objects with which the boys became familiar when they used to look up at the rebel battery yonder on Point Lookout and towards their rifle trenches which skirted the brow of Missionary Ridge. But let us climb old Lookout and stand once more on the peak and we can then take in the numerous objects, once so familiar, at a single glance.

Taking the hack at the European House, I found myself in company with Dr. J. S. Gillespie and daughter. The doctor's experiences in this vicinity cover the war with all of its devastation. "There wasn't a rail left on my farm, which you see yonder in the valley," he said, as we climbed up the rugged mountain road. The daughter, now a delightful young lady, then a child of two or three years, has it to boast of that the great Yankee general, W. T. Sherman, held her in his arms during his visits to her father's plantation.

But here now we are at the very top, where Hooker's men swept up, like a storm bursting from

the clouds which had covered them during the ascent.

Present company and momentary incidents are forgotten. The past rises before me like a dream. The mountain top is not merely, to me, a spot whence may be seen some of the grandest landscape and mountain scenery upon which mortal ever looked down—it is more; it is a spot whence I see again the sights and hear again the sounds which marked a mighty epoch in our national history. Yonder are old Forts Negley and Wood, still visible and in tolerable condition. The road which Hooker's men built to their camp on the mountain side is here just below me, still in use and one of the best in this region. Behind me are the fort and trenches which cross the neck of the mountain and which shielded Bragg's men from our shot and shell thrown from Chattanooga. They are still sharply defined and if left to themselves they will be so, for years to come; for they are overgrown with pines and oaks, some of which are nearly a foot in diameter, whose roots penetrate and bind the embankments in all directions. How can I believe my eyes! Who will break the force of this strange spell? Do I dream or is this reality? It seems but yesterday that I stood here. Then these works had been but freshly made and were bare. Now, behold they are covered with a forest! What mighty Aladdin has rubbed his lamp that these things can be? Ah, I remember now; sure enough, sixteen years have gone by

since that "yesterday." Old forests have been cleared and new ones have sprung up since that day. Since then cities have been built, wars have been waged and empires have passed away.

There near Orchard Knob in the valley, where Grant had his headquarters during the battle of Chattanooga, is now the beautiful national cemetery where repose the bodies of 12,960 of our comrades who fell in the bloody conflicts of this region. Further on is the historic and beautiful Mission Ridge; following along to the south-east the eye rests upon the fearful field of Chickamauga. Here just beneath us, nearly two thousand feet down, and winding away in its tortuous course through the mountains, is the Tennessee river; while just on its brink there goes a train of cars which looks no larger than a chain drawn over the ground, and so far down that scarcely an echo comes up from its rumbling. What is that little thing moving in the road away down there? As sure as I live it is a man! Nor can I tell whether he is white or black; whether he is the general manager of all the railroads centering here, or the fellow who this morning polished his boots! Such is human greatness, when compared with that grandeur which here, at the command of the Almighty, raised its head, to bathe in the clouds and receive the last glorious rays of the setting sun.

You will tell me that I have lost my purpose in these rhapsodies. I answer that it was almost worth the danger of a soldier's life to be permitted

to dwell for a season amid this marvelous scenery; to let its beauty and glory captivate the soul and chain itself amid her memories forever.

This is a grand place for reminiscences, to one who participated in the stirring events of this region during the war. The whole field of operations of both armies, for miles around, is in clear view from Lookout Point. Chattanooga was a place of great strategic importance. Both armies were ready to contend for it to the limit of their strength. Bragg sallied forth from it to fight the battle of Chickamauga, expecting to take Rosecrans at great disadvantage and annihilate the different commands of his army in detail. Our army, driven at Chickamauga, took refuge in the very city for whose possession both generals were contending. But once in it, with the prestige of victory on the side of the rebels, our forces were soon so completely hemmed in that they were practically in a state of siege. Every old soldier who fought in this region will instantly recall the situation. The city stands at the north end of Chattanooga valley, which is formed by the Lookout Mountain range on the west and Missionary Ridge on the east. Just north of the city is the Tennessee river, which completely crosses this valley at its northeastern end; and to the north of the river is Walling's Ridge, another range of mountains of much the same precipitous character as Lookout, lying between our army and their depot of supplies at Bridgeport. On the east and west and north

therefore our forces were pretty thoroughly shut in by the lofty barriers of nature. When Bragg poured his men through Rossville gap and threw up a line of breastworks reaching entirely across the Chattanooga valley, having his left on Lookout Mountain and his right on and along the crest of Missionary Ridge, our army was completely shut in, except a narrow and tortuous wagon road over Walling's Ridge. It began to look as if our boys, having marched and fought through an entire campaign for the possession of Chattanooga, were too much like a fly in a barrel of molasses—with more sweet than either bargained for.

The siege lasted from the 23d of September, when Bragg secured his position, to the 27th of October when the movement under General W. F. Smith, shortly after General Grant assumed command, succeeded in capturing and holding the crossing at Brown's ferry. Here, just beneath us as we stand on Point Lookout, is the entire scene of that peculiar movement, more strange and fascinating in its details than any development of romance. Just beneath us here the river sweeps against the precipitous rocky base of the mountain, and along the sides of this precipice a path has been hewn for the railway, leaving it at this place subject to the control of any force which should hold the mountain. General Grant's first move upon assuming command was directed to overcoming this difficulty and to relieving his

communications. In company with General Thomas and General Smith he rode over Moccasin Point (a part of the river valley, so named from its form, caused by the windings of the river) to examine the crossings at Brown's ferry. As a result General Smith was ordered to prepare, at a secluded point up the river above the city, sixty pontoon boats, where they could not be seen by the enemy on Lookout. At the proper moment the boats, manned by 1800 men under the immediate command of Gen. Hazen, were to drop down the river under cover of darkness, seize the crossing and await for morning, when a co-operating force, having crossed Moccasin point with other bridge material, should be ready to help construct and defend the bridge.

When all was ready and the proper time had come General Hazen's eighteen hundred men of Smith's command embarked on their pontoon boats and without a word of conversation or the dipping of an oar, were floating down the river as silently as spectres. In the darkness their boats almost touched the shore occupied by the rebels, and they could hear their conversation as they glided noiselessly by. Before dawn they had seized the crossing, captured another rebel outpost, ferried over their comrades who had marched across the neck of the point, and secured the heights overlooking the ferry. By 10 o'clock the next morning a pontoon bridge was ready for our men, who crossed in force, driving the rebels before

them, and before night they communicated with General Hooker who had marched up the valley from Bridgeport.

This was the initial move of General Grant's great victories at Chattanooga and vicinity. It was the move on which the success of all the others depended. Without it Hooker's victory "above the clouds" would have been impossible, for he commanded only 10,000 men, and without that bridge over which our men could quickly march to his relief, Bragg could have easily concentrated on him and crushed him before help could have arrived.

That must have been a discouraging view on which the Johnnies looked down from this point the next morning. When they went to sleep that night they confidently expected to capture the entire Yankee army. They did not see how any possible contingency could prevent it. But in the morning when the mists rolled away their hopes vanished with them; for they saw a bridge across the river and the whole valley on the south of it swarming with blue coats. Hooker had emerged from the woods and mountain passes to the southwest and had formed a junction with Smith. That was an end to the bright dream. Their flank was threatened; and when Hooker's men climbed the mountain side and struck the rebel left flank just under the bluff here, the rebels ran almost at the first volley. Their confidence was shaken. They didn't know how many Yankees might have

climbed the mountain farther south, presently to catch them in the rear.

This recalls a similar exploit which was assigned to a part of the writer's regiment farther down the river near Stevenson.

Volunteers were called for; two hundred and fifty responded, of whom fifty were selected and placed under the command of Lieutenant Brown of Company C. A little after midnight he reached the place where the crossing was to be made. Noislessly, and under cover of the deep darkness which prevailed, he disposed his men in three ranks. With the greatest care to make no noise—not to break a twig on the shore nor make any splashing in the water—these men forded the river, then at a low stage, sprang upon the astonished rebels and gagged them into silence almost before they could utter a word of surprise. Only a single gun was discharged and that by accident; but it aroused no suspicion, for the firing of an occasional shot by the outposts was an ordinary thing. Here our men were compelled to wait in the sharp cold of that October night, wet and shivering, without any fire of course, and almost without moving for fear of arousing the rebel camp, which was not a mile away. In due time the relief guards came, but they walked into the open ranks of our men and were seized before they could fire a shot. Presently morning came.

Here, before us, like a great relief map, is the picture of the whole theatre. If we only had a

pointer six or seven miles long, with strength to wield it, we could put it down on every spot of which I have spoken. Men look "powerful small" down "yon" in the valley; but you can see them with wonderful distinctness. If the confederates were not too badly "skeered" they could have counted almost every man of Hooker's and Smith's commands on that memorable morning when they awoke to the fact that their left flank had been turned. Over yonder is Brown's ferry. Here right beneath us is the steep mountain side up which Hooker's men came till they were caught in a cloud so dark they dared not move further, and camped where they were. Just before us we can count every bend of the tortuous river course, down which those noiseless pontoons floated. As to being "above the clouds," it is a common experience with those who spend any time on the mountain. Even now a little cloud is scurrying along yonder beneath us. I have seen the whole valley covered so thickly that not a house or a tree could be seen. Beneath was a great sea of rolling, billowing mist, sometimes pouring its rain so that we could hear it pattering on the leaves two hundred feet below, when not a drop was falling on us. Then I have seen those clouds lift, first gently parting and permitting one to look through upon the freshly watered fields and gardens of the valley; then I have seen them rolling away in silent majesty like great white chariots of the sky, leaving the

whole glorious scene unobscured. The farms and houses of the valley—how they rejoiced in the fresh beauty added by their new baptism. The trees—how they sparkled in the sunshine, a thousand myriad drops glistening pendant from the leaves, and every drop a diamond. The city yonder with every harsher tone subdued and all its voices blended into a gentle, harmonious murmur and every repulsive sight smoothed away by its distance, how gentle and how peaceful; how unlike the turmoil of war or even the confusions of daily commerce. Oh yes, you will know what it is to be “above the clouds” if you spend a few days on the mountain. It is no myth. The men of Hooker’s were actually “above the clouds” when they achieved that memorable victory on the 24th of November, 1863.

Several questions instantly spring up as one looks down from this precipice, where the Johnnies had their battery, and where their breastworks are still, though overgrown by small pine trees. “Why didn’t they annihilate our men with shot and shell and cannister as they came up the mountain side?” I have heard the question often asked. A German of our command answered it by saying: “You see, dose Shonnies was nod able to elewate dem guns enough as to shoot down dot precipice.” The fact is that their artillery was entirely useless as against Hooker’s men. It would have burst any gun to depress it

sufficiently to fire into any command on the mountain side, or even at the mountain's base.

"Why didn't they hurl down rocks on them?" asks another. Because after our men got near enough for such warfare to harm them, they charged the rebels and the rebels ran and things were very soon so badly mixed that the Johnnies who looked down from the bluff could not be certain whose heads their rocks would light on. So the rock practice was not very extensively indulged.

Fort Wood, so plainly seen yonder on the hillside to the northeast of the city, recalls an incident of General Grant related to me by one who saw it. It was early in the morning of the 25th, the day on which occurred the memorable battles of the Chattanooga valley and on Missionary Ridge. Things were already beginning to stir. Observant ones could see that the decisive day had come. My friend, the surgeon of a Michigan regiment, was up early and looking over the ground from Fort Wood. The men of the fort's garrison were for the most part still in their tents, but all along the crest of the hills occupied by the rebels and throughout our advanced lines he could see the movements of preparation and expectancy. There was no noise about it. It was the gentle movement of the clouds in that awful hush which precedes the tornado. Just then a plainly attired horseman rode up, unattended save by a single soldier who held his horse as he dis-

mounted and entered the fort. He wore a slouch hat and common soldier's overcoat, displaying no badge of office to distinguish him from the plainest private. My friend had never seen him before, but instantly recognized him from familiarity with his picture. It was General Grant. He had come up with his field glass to look over the situation. As he stood on the crest of the fort, looking first at Missionary Ridge, then at Lookout Point, then along the rebel lines in the valley, puffing his cigar in the intervals, the guard, walking his beat in front of the guns, approached him without salute and said, "It is against orders to smoke here." But the General was intent on his observations and did not hear, or at all events paid no heed. The guard having walked the length of his beat and returned, again said: "I told you it was against orders to smoke here." Again the guard turned on his heel, but the observations and fumigations proceeded as before. When, however, he returned a third time and found the silent man still smoking and observing, his wrath was up, and raising his voice to a very decided key he said, using also some words of emphasis which I will not repeat, "I have told you twice that it is against orders for any man to smoke by these guns, now if you don't throw away that cigar I will put you in the guard house!" Without uttering a word, without so much as removing the field glass from his eyes, the general threw his smoking

stub over the ramparts and went on with his observations. My friend thought it was time that some one should be acquainted with the rank of the visitor and finding one of the officers of the garrison just emerging in a half-dressed condition from his tent, said to him, "Do you know who that is up yonder with the field glass?" "No," said the lieutenant, "Who is he?" "That is General Grant." Then followed a scene in which the lieutenant, having hastily donned the rest of his uniform, approached the General to assure him that the guard was unacquainted with his rank. Probably Grant thought no more of the officer for apologizing, because his subordinate had simply done his duty.

It is not my purpose to tell again the story of that great day's fighting. Full many times it has been told already, how Hooker moved down the mountain side, and up the Chattanooga creek, building a temporary bridge to replace the one burnt by the rebels as they retreated from here the day before; crossing the bridge, striking the enemy in flank and pushing Osterhaus's division on to Rossville where they seized the gap through Missionary Ridge; how as soon as it was fully daylight Sherman began the attack on the north end of the Ridge, Gen. Corse moving to the assault along the crest, supported by Morgan L. Smith's division on the east side and Col. Loomis with Gen. J. E. Smith along the west side, keeping alignment with Corse in the cen-

ter; how the 40th Illinois, and 20th and 46th Ohio, pushed directly up the face of the hill held by the enemy, near the tunnel, maintained a hand-to-hand fight for more than an hour, meeting with fearful loss. It was here that gallant Gen. Corse was severely wounded. Thus matters stood at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. During the forenoon the fighting had been all on the flanks. Grant had been waiting for Hooker to get possession of the pass at Rossville, and for Sherman to carry the enemy's works at the north end of the Ridge.

Thus far the Army of the Cumberland had been impatiently waiting in line, and many of the men were complaining bitterly that the leading part of the fight was given to other armies. They felt that it was intended to rebuke them for the defeat of Chickamauga. So loud did these complaints become that Thomas sent members of his staff down the line to say, "Be patient, boys! Your turn will come." At 2 o'clock it came. By this time the rebels had been pressed back until both flanks rested on the Ridge. Hooker had gained the pass and was ready to assault along the Ridge from the south again, striking the enemy in the left flank, which he did in most gallant style. But the turn of the Army of the Cumberland had come and the word was given for Thomas to advance. Eagerly the men obeyed. Baird's, Wood's, Sheridan's and Johnson's divisions, springing forward and refusing to be in the least checked by the enemy's withering fire, drove

them pell-mell from their rifle pits at the base of the Ridge; where, hardly stopping to readjust their lines, they broke over the breast-work and followed the enemy up the steep ascent, Sheridan's and Wood's divisions leading. Before this, along our entire front every cannon had been pouring its storm of iron upon the Ridge; but now they gradually drew off, their heavy thunder by degrees ceasing until on our side only the incessant volleys of musketry could be heard, for our men were advancing towards the crest and the artillery fire could not be maintained without peril to them. Just as the sun went down the crest was gained. From a blaze of musketry and a booming of cannon, suddenly all was still. The enemy's guns had been captured and there was nothing more for our's to do. The memorable victory of Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge had been won and the rebels were in full retreat upon Chickamauga.

Over there is where it all happened. Here at our feet is Chattanooga Creek emptying into the Tennessee at the base of the mountain. There too, in plain sight, is the valley where the crescent front of the enemy's line awaited the attack. Farther on is the Ridge, up whose steep sides our boys charged and where many hundreds of them lay down to die. A number of the rebel forts along the crest and much of the breastwork are still there. The weeds have captured them easily and the cattle roam over them at will; but once their possession was disputed by two mighty armies, and to get them an unspeakable price was paid.

In the Saddle.

RINGGOLD AND TUNNEL HILL—THE WOMAN SPY—
ON THE FIELD OF CHICKAMAUGA—RECEPTION BY
THE MOUNTAINEERS—JOHNSTON'S DAM.

From Chattanooga on to Atlanta I had purposed to make frequent stops at the stations of interest, such as Ringgold, Tunnel Hill, and so on. But a more excellent plan presented itself while I was conversing with a company of my fellow guests of the Lookout Mountain House, as we looked off into the valleys and over the battle-ground of Chickamauga.

"Why not buy a horse and ride through to Atlanta as Major Van Bibber and his wife did last May?"

I had indeed thought of this before, but had supposed that the price of saddle animals would preclude the idea. But when I learned that I could procure a good horse at a moderate sum, with the reasonable certainty of selling again in Atlanta, I did so at once, transferred a part of my baggage to my saddle-bags, and was ready for a start.

During the day I had met one of the mountaineers, whose home is seven miles south of the point of Lookout, and within half a mile of the marvelous Lulu Lake, which from generation to

generation is held in the teeth of these eternal rocks, above the clouds. He had during the war been a member of one of our Pennsylvania regiments. But his regiment was mustered out here on the mountain, and having fallen in love with one of the native East Tennessee girls, whom Thomas had employed as a spy, he married her, and settled where he now lives, just beyond the Tennessee line on Lookout Mountain, in northern Georgia. Having now for a decade and a half lived among the poor whites of this region, he has become thoroughly separated from northern traditions and customs, and as thoroughly identified with theirs. His speech, manner of life, and all about him are thoroughly southern rather than northern. He invited me to spend the night so cordially that I determined to do so, because there would be no other opportunity to see the lake, and because he promised in the morning to ride with me from his home over the battle-field of Chickamauga.

Having waved an adieu to my newly formed acquaintances at the Lookout House, I set out and reached my host's home just at sundown. It was a beautiful evening; the day had been warm; darkness had not yet settled, and a swim in the lake was at once proposed.

You reach the border of the lake on a high bluff, from which you look down into it, 60 feet below, and wonder how you are to get down. But see! There is a plank laid from the shelving rock

to the topmost branches of that pine tree which grows up from beneath. Out on that plank you walk; then descend on the limbs of the tree, which serve very well, till you reach the rickety ladder which has been set up from the ground to the lower branches. Here we are ready for a plunge in the lake, which has no beach, and whose bottom no line has ever touched! Out of it the water flows in a stream which dashes a few rods over the rocks and then plunges headlong down a fall of 115 feet; thence through a most wild and beautiful gorge, whose wall on either side is nearly 200 feet high, finally reaching the flume of an enterprising miller. It would require the genius of a Poe to describe properly the weird and wild grandeur of the place. The story of my hostess was a strange one—full of adventures and escapes during the time she was employed as a spy. At one time she escaped detection only *by eating* the paper which she was bearing to Gen. Thomas. Her seven children gathered about me full of open eyed curiosity at my field glass, my writing material, my maps and even my pocket-knife, which seemed most of all to attract their envy.

Early in the morning (July 27th) we were in the saddle and proceeding by the narrow and poorly kept road, down the many precipitous windings to the valley beneath, through which we at once rode to the valley of Chickamauga. My friend had been in the battle; but although living

so near to the old ground had never taken the pains to go over it since the war. The scars of that fearful struggle are still numerous and plain. Here and there are great tree-tops lopped by shot and shell, and still hanging by a splinter to the trunk. Thousands of trees are pitted with bullets — those of the pines showing plainest. Everywhere that a ball struck a pine tree, a little knot of rosin has formed, which, removed, reveals the bullet. These are being continually dug out by relic hunters, who leave the marks of an ax in their places. For some days the bodies of our men who fell here were left by the victorious enemy unburied. But to-day they lie in the beautiful cemetery at Chattanooga, every grave marked with a neat stone; while the confederates lie in graves where they were at first buried, with only a wooden slab or stake to mark each spot. Unless something is done by their friends these perishable marks will have passed away and the places will be forgotten.

By noon my friend had satisfied his curiosity. We had ridden quite over the Chickamauga ground. He pointed out to me the different places which his regiment occupied during the day, the well where he had filled his canteen and other points of especial interest to him, and having done so, reined about his horse and left me to pursue my journey alone.

Although, doubtless, the life of any lone traveler through the South is just as safe as in any part of

the land, yet I was living not so much in the present as amid the potent memories of the past, when no man could ride a mile in these parts without danger of running into an ambush of the enemy. For a time, therefore, the spell of such memories was upon me. In the South there are few buggies; men and women travel on horseback. A while, my first impulse upon beholding the approach of a butternut-clad horseman was to reach for the old revolver or carbine, and cry out: "Halt, there!" Then reason would re-assert herself and I would find myself by the side of some former member of Johnston's army, ready to drawl out his answers to my questions as pleasantly as he knew how.

About one o'clock, just before crossing Chickamauga Hill into Ringgold, I stopped at the cabin of a poor white family and bought a feed of oats for my horse, expecting to write up these notes beneath the shade of the trees, by the beautiful mountain spring. But the invitation to a place within was so cordial that I was constrained to accept. The occupants are a young couple who have just set up for themselves. They have rented this cottage and a few acres at the foot of the hills. They have a small patch of corn, of beans and cotton. This is their living for the year.

We were only well seated on the shady side of the house, when he enquired:

"Wha' mout you be frum? I reckon by your speech you hain't no Jawgian."

"Well, now," I answered, "I will let you guess what my speech is, since you think truly that I'm not a Georgian."

"Be you a Dutchman?" he queried, slowly and doubtfully.

"No."

"French, then?"

"No."

"Mout be, then, you is Irish?"

"No! I'm what you folks down here call a Yankee, some five or six hundred miles from home, and I'm riding through here to see the old battlefields."

This information astonished him and his good wife greatly. They had "hyearn tell a powerful heap about the wah; but they 'uns was too young tew know much about it themselves."

A mile this side of Ringgold I was overtaken by a gentlemen mounted on a huge mule, who rode alongside and was disposed to be talkative. He, too, was a young man, and was on his way to East Tennessee. He informed me that he was acquainted with all the roads in northern Georgia, having ridden them over in purchasing cattle for the market. He readily answered an inquiry or two; but I was the less in need of his information, for my memory of southern places is vivid; and moreover I had provided myself with a copy of Sherman's field map, which indicates every road in the region.

My novel appearance attracted his attention.

My saddle-bags were like those of a doctor and my umbrella was slung across my back, as the infantry used to arrange their blankets.

"I reckon," he ventured, "that you are a doctor, from the looks of your saddle-bags." I satisfied his curiosity by assuring him that I was a simon-pure Yankee, skylarking through the South, with no hostile intentions either to molest or make afraid; and we separated with the best of feeling.

Ringgold is a sleepy little place, of perhaps four or five hundred inhabitants, nestled in among the mountains. Its importance during the war was derived from its location on the railroad which runs to Atlanta. It has changed scarcely at all, so far as I could see. There are two or three little churches, a large academic looking building, and business blocks with the dwellings.

Between Ringgold and Tunnel Hill I passed through those remarkable mountain fastnesses where it was vainly hoped that Johnston could stay the progress of the invader. As of old, there are no bridges over any stream where a ford can be made to answer the purpose, and we splashed on into the water, belly-deep, and out again, several times during the afternoon.

"Won't you 'light and take a cheer?" was the greeting of a gentleman who sat in his shaded front yard near the well, and of whom I had asked a drink. He had been a rebel soldier, and from his own doorstep could look around him upon the historic hills of his soldiering. With the usual

inquisitiveness of the South, he was not long in ascertaining that I was a northern "radical," for I did not mince matters in answering, any more than he in asking. "Well, well!" he said, "I can respect even an abolitionist who has the courage to stick to his principles in the South!"

Onward from Ringgold for several miles the valley farms are rich and covered with a rank growth of corn and cotton. There are here but few remaining marks of the war, for the space of eight or nine miles, save in the gap just south of Ringgold, where some severe fighting occurred. But words can scarcely describe the utter poverty of some of the higher mountain farms which I passed earlier in the day. The land labors beneath its own natural sterility and the utterly inadequate tillage to send up sickly-looking shoots of corn of all sizes, from the tender blade just emerging from the ground to the tall, spindling stalk, which seems to be waiting for some friendly gale to blow it over and end its misery.

The cultivators of these miserable farms are the negroes and poor whites—in about even numbers—with the balance of respectability in favor of the negroes. The whole country has been tuned to a departed system. It is like an instrument whose strings are broken and whose master has gone. The negroes, unused to their freedom, live miserably, with no one to plan for them. They are scorned by, and in turn they scorn equality with, the poor whites. Near the

field of Chickamauga, within a few rods of each other, I passed two miserable, unchinked log school buildings. In one were gathered a few half-naked little darkies; in the other a few half-naked, dirty and ragged little "white trash," which does not look as if the advance towards abolition of race prejudice had yet amounted to a great deal. And this is the common thing in Georgia; separate schools, separate teachers, multiplied expenses, and divided results. In more prosperous communities I saw, later in my journey, cleaner and brighter children, and evidences of good teaching, but everywhere the colored and white children are taught in separate schools. The school buildings, except in the villages, are almost always log structures; sometimes they are of plain boards, but invariably unpainted and weather-beaten. The wagon-roads are not confined by fences to township or section boundaries, but wind along, conforming to the rugged features of the country—to the mountains, the valleys and the streams.

Tunnel Hill, a little village of perhaps 400 people, derives its name and importance from its proximity to the tunnel which penetrates the hill just south of its outskirts.

The hotel is an old wooden building with a broad veranda facing the depot, and kept by "Dr." Emmerson, a genial old soul with hospitable proclivities, and a reputation as a landlord which extends beyond his locality. I had

been here but a little while before a tall, dark-complexioned, fine appearing gentleman drove up with his family and put up for the night. We were soon on easy terms, and were not long in learning that "we had met before." That is to say, during the Atlanta campaign he belonged to Wheeler's cavalry, which during all the movements of Johnston's army occupied the right wing. I belonged to Garrard's cavalry, which during the same period was on Sherman's extreme left, which opposed us directly to Wheeler, with whom we had, in those days, many a brush. From the veranda where we sat he pointed me the spot where his tent was pitched, and where he used to graze his horse during the occupation of the Confederate troops.

Just beyond Tunnel Hill, as will be remembered, is Buzzard's Roost Gap—a narrow defile, through which there flows a considerable stream. Johnston dammed it up, so as to flood the pass, and then sat down to wait for Gen. Sherman to march his men in and let them drown. But our "Uncle Billy" climbed the hill, looked down upon the dam and the big pond, and sent McPherson around to the right and rear to threaten the enemy's communications, by Snake Creek Gap, at Resaca. And one fine morning, while General Johnston was complacently watching his dam and telling everybody about what a fine thing he had on Sherman, a scout dashed up and declared that the Yankees were flanking by

Snake Creek Gap! It is presumable that Johnston gave utterance to some hasty words about his dam. Concerning that, however, I am not informed. One thing I do know, none the less: The scout who brought the unwelcome news was a young man, about 17 years of age, a member of Wheeler's cavalry then, but now my genial companion on Dr. Emmerson's veranda, a merchant of Chattanooga — Mr. Peeples.

It was the first of that grand series of flank movements by which Sherman penetrated the heart of the Confederacy and destroyed its most important railroad center with one of the most brilliant and successful campaigns in the annals of civil war.

Through Vale and Gorge.

CAUGHT OFF HIS BALANCE—THE ETHIOPIAN CHANG-
ING HIS SKIN—CAMPAIGN MARKS—WAITING
FOR THE NEWS OF TWENTY YEARS BEFORE—A
SUSPICIOUS URCHIN.

The morning was bright and beautiful, though the air was almost cool enough to make a fire desirable, when I mounted my horse for a ride over the hills and through the gorges to Dalton, distant nine miles. No element was lacking to complete my enjoyment. The horse was in good trim; I had been well breakfasted; the scenery was of the most beautiful, and every mile was fraught with historic incident. Add to this the sense of freedom from care, the breadth and fullness of thought which mountain scenery is calculated to inspire, and the feeling of satisfaction which comes of fulfilling long-cherished desire, and you have the emotions which kindled within me at that hour.

Buzzard's Roost is a good place to laugh. The more one thinks about the old dam—but see! yonder comes a typical Southerner, his length and leanness matching well with his sallow complexion, his slouch gray hat, and his loose-fitting gray clothing. He is leading a wiry steer down to the stream to drink. The steer behaves well

enough until he is full length of the rope in the water and our friend, the owner, stands on tip-toe bending his utmost length to accommodate the steer's desire to go further, when, of a sudden, his steership makes a dash for the further side, fairly jerking his owner off his feet and landing him in the stream! Of course he got away and came tearing up the road, followed by the owner, who muttered, as he passed me, that the steer was a "mighty contra-ry critter," which I had no occasion to doubt.

The heavy earthworks which at one time guarded the approaches of the Gap are in large measure obliterated. One fort stands, and traces of the dam are still visible. These are all that I could find. The old mill by the road-side, turned by the water of this stream, clatters away as merrily as if its operations had never been disturbed by the affairs of war.

Dalton has grown considerably since the war, and presents a scene of some enterprise and thrift along its one business street, lined with old brick buildings. Its public buildings are in better condition than is usual to the region and its residences appear as if its 3,000 citizens might enjoy themselves even with the ghost of a lost cause standing over them. The hotels front towards the depot on the west, while on the east is the same old hill, crowned by the same familiar earthworks, which stand out as sharp and bare as the day that they were dug. Not a tree or



shrub has grown upon them. Whether it is because the ground is too poor, or that the citizens are especially careful to keep this prominent relic in repair, I did not enquire.

Resaca now is our next point, and away we gallop, over a barren and hilly road during a good share of the journey. Most of the time I can look off in almost any direction across the valleys, and behold the beautiful mountain ranges which have given to northern Georgia the name of the "Switzerland of America." One thing would soon become apparent to one who saw this country 16 years ago. Then the negroes were of all possible shades, varying from the deep, pure-blooded black to an unnatural whiteness; now you rarely see a "white nigger," and the "yaller niggers" are very "skace." What can have wrought this change? At one time it was argued that the only hope for the colored race was that they might, by the slow process of "natural selection" and "survival of the fittest," become "bleached out," get the kinks out of their hair, and have their brains broadened. Can it be possible that some fell scheme is working against these bright hopes and is destined to overthrow them? It has, on the other hand, been affirmed that those negroes who have lost any of their color have at some time been frightened in such a way as to turn them partially white, which might readily have happened in those days, when the overseers were the terror of the plantation. In such a case the process must be regarded as

abnormal and injurious. Doubtless since the overseers have ceased to "frighten" the blacks the disturbing cause has been removed, and all things may proceed in regular channels. Every negro may now retain his color unmolested as a part of his ancestral heritage, with none to "frighten" or "whiten" him. I claim no patent on this explanation. Any southern gentleman who objects to it, or thinks it unscientific, is at liberty to modify or improve it, at his pleasure.

The marks of by-gone campaigning become more and more pronounced as we proceed. Many of the old fences, which were torn down for camp fires, and whose line is still traceable by rotten remains of the lower rail, have not been replaced; and the fields which they enclosed lie open and waste. At other points fences have been rebuilt, and at such places you may see every now and then a charred rail which was not wholly destroyed, though it received a scorching. Occasionally, too, we strike a place in the woods where heavy skirmishing left its lasting marks upon the trees, to say to the generations following: "We heard the sound and felt the jar when the Almighty went forth to avenge the oppressed, and to answer the cries of his children!"

About noon I met a negro with a span of mules, drawing a load of oats in the bundle, and purchased one or two bundles for a wayside feed. Finding one of the poor whites' shanties close by, where I could procure water, I stopped and fed.

The old woman of the place " 'lowed I could git a goord o' water, altho' leastwise she reckined 'twa'nt pow'ful good," and ventured the remark: "Hit does a hoss a pow'ful heap o' good to stop an' let 'im take a leetle snack when one is travelin'."

I inquired the distance to Resaca. Neither she nor her grown daughter, who was busy with her washing out under the trees, could give any definite answer, although this had been their home for some time; and furthermore, as I saw a few minutes later, they live within forty rods of a guide-board, with the distance and direction on it.

The utter blankness of the poor whites' minds is beyond comprehension, and is not adequately understood by the wealthier and better informed people within a few miles of whom they live. Some of this latter class seemed astonished at several incidents of my travel which I related to them. I met one man who remarked: "I don't reckon you kin tell me what they've done with Jeff Davis, kin ye?" As a class they have no conception of the simplest and most general movements of the political world, with one of whose parties they will vote. I found those who had not heard the names of Garfield or Hancock, who knew nothing of the conventions at Chicago or Cincinnati, nor indeed the significance of any convention. Taking no paper, not able to read those which sometimes come to their houses

wrapped about packages, isolated from the centers of traffic and news, they gossip over and over again the few items which they gathered years ago. Numbers of them supposed that "Grant was gwine to run agin," and I spent some time in an attempt to set them right, and no doubt gave them news enough to last a year!

A few miles ride, and you are in another world. You have descended from the mountain; you are in the valley, where fatness and plenty are on every hand; where the marks of the war have in great measure disappeared; where wealthy farms, with their quota of employed hands, have taken the place of the plantations with their drove of "niggers," owned and marshaled beneath the lash. It is something when the former master is forced to own the form of "employing" his "niggers," even though the poor black may get but meagre compensation.

Then, too, there is every allowance to be made for the employer. The war ate up his resources, burned his buildings, destroyed his fences and deprived him of his laborers in one. Do we accuse the South of bitterness? Let any man ride one day with me over this war-wasted land; let him forget the great principles for which the war was waged and which rendered it righteous; let him remember only that other and contrary principles were deeply entertained by the South, and that once these charred remains were smiling and happy homes; let him remember that these same

roads, over which we are now passing in review, were once the scene of marching invaders by the thousand, and foraging forays by the hundred — then let him ask himself: Suppose that matters had been reversed; suppose that this devastation had been wrought at the North instead of at the South, and that years afterward one who had wrought at that devastation should come North to view the ruins? Think you he would everywhere be kindly received and entertained? Although I have answered frankly everywhere with regard to the nature and object of my visit, this has been my uniform experience.

At Resaca I put up an hour or two at the hotel. The grocery fronts here, as at almost every village, were lined with men clad in gray, apparently without anything to do. Their horses or mules were fastened to a common hitching arrangement, consisting of a long pole sustained on posts, higher than the animals' heads, and having pegs driven into the top at convenient intervals; so that when the survivor of Wheeler's cavalry, or his descendants, ride into town, they have only to throw the bridle rein over one of these pegs, and the horse is hitched.

The fort and rifle trenches on the hill to the west of town, which cover Snake Creek Gap, are still here, and are less obscured by trees than is common. Here flows the same deep, sluggish and muddy Snake Creek which McPherson crossed and re-crossed again, because he did not

dare to interpose his single Army of the Tennessee between Johnston's entire army and its line of retreat. Had he done so, doubtless Johnston would have been forced to surrender at the very opening of the campaign. But it takes the very highest order of *genius* to perceive such an opportunity, and the highest order of *ability* to improve it. Sherman justifies the caution, but regrets its results.

On we go through the famous gap, over the ground of the Resaca fight, past the towering hills and through the pine forests, heavy with their resinous aroma and fragrant with reminiscences of the times when the old pine-knot fires blazed and crackled throughout the lively camp; when the coffee and meat kettles hung over them by hastily erected cranes; when hastily dressed roasters and sheep were made ready to season and enlarge the regular fare.

Speaking of roasters: A short way out of Resaca a fine little fellow stopped across my track and looked up quizzingly as if to remark, in the vernacular of the region: "Be yew one of Gin'al Sherman's men? Den dis pig takes to de woods!" and away he went as fast as his legs could carry him.

Here as we near Calhoun are the same gates which bar the approach to the bridge and valley of the Oostenaula river. These gates are a feature of every approach of the river, and are necessary to protect the rich crops of the valley. No cross

fences can be maintained because of the annual flood. But one lateral fence borders the outer edge of the valley, running parallel with the river.

Calhoun has brushed off the bullet marks and other scratches of the war, but has done little in the way of enterprise. That which we should call "enterprise" in the North would seem so utterly out of place at any of these little Georgian villages that I fear the corn would be frost-bitten if they should have a slight attack of it. Cattle run *ad libitum*; the hogs root around the streets, and up to the very doors of the hotels, in the most familiar manner, thrusting aside the foot of the easy landlord if they chance to sniff some coveted morsel beneath it! And should any fastidious traveler attempt to drive them away they plant themselves firmly and grunt forth their offended dignity in a most decided manner.

Here then is Calhoun, a drowsy little town in the midst of her rich cotton fields, just now clad in the glory of their white and vermilion bloom. Over yonder by the railroad track, just on the south-west border, is the grove where we encamped in the fall of 1864, while waiting to take the cars north for the defense of Nashville.

For miles now there are no heavy landmarks of the war. Occasionally the trees are scarred with the effects of some skirmish. But from the time that Johnston let go his hold of Buzzard's Roost and the dam, he was kept too busy with getting to

the rear to pause for the digging of many trenches until he reached Cassville.

There is no more beautiful land in the world than that which constitutes some of the farms in the valleys between Calhoun and Adairsville.

As I neared the latter village I overtook a young man who was on his way to attend protracted meeting. We were soon joined by several others. They were evidently curious, if not suspicious of me. But when I had satisfied their curiosity and allayed their suspicions they became very sociable. They evidently belonged to the wealthy families of this region. They invited me to go with them to the meeting; but as my horse was already blown, I declined and hastened forward to Adairsville. The latter part of July and the fore part of August is the regular season for protracted meetings in the South. Wheat harvest is out of the way and cotton is beyond the need of daily care; so that from now on to "de shuckin' ob de corn" there will be comparative leisure.

Adairsville differs from its neighboring villages in that it has a cotton factory and one or two other mills of consequence. The employes of these mills give an unusually lively appearance to the one business street, which fronts on the railroad, having an open plaza. And were it not for the fringes of cotton here and there, and the occasional line of mountaineers' covered wagons coming down to market, one might, at times, almost imagine that he were in some northern

town. The residences stand, for the most part, on a beautiful hill which rises from the railroad backward, and gives to the village a commanding and pleasant appearance.

The hotel at Adairsville is a large brick building, with immense rooms and a broken-down appearance. During the occupation of our troops it was used as a hospital, but is now occupied by Mr. J. C. Martin and family, whose fortunes were broken by the war, and who now earn their living by entertaining the traveling public. Their history, similar to that of many another family, is a strange one. Moving from Virginia to East Tennessee in the early days of secession, they found themselves borne along with the tide of passion which demanded separation from the Union. But presently the Yankee troops came, and they packed their goods and removed to a point so far within the rebel lines that they supposed themselves forever safe, settling a few miles from their present home, near Cartersville. But in the process of time Sherman's men were careering through Georgia and the home which they had deemed secure was again threatened. The husband, being a pronounced secessionist, again fled, and there are surviving members of the Ohio cavalry who distinctly remember foraging at the corn cribs which he had filled. The wife and little girls who were then on the plantation always received these strange visitors kindly, but presently there was nothing left

but for them also to pack up and follow the husband and father within the rebel lines. The little girls of those days have grown to womanhood; nor is their refinement the less because circumstances have made it necessary for them to assist in the affairs of the household. Although the father and mother take bravely to their altered circumstances, they have not ceased to lament the good old days when more than a score of negroes uncovered their heads and said "Massah" and "Missus" in their presence.

On the Road to Marietta.

RECKLESSNESS ABOUT HUMAN LIFE—HISTORIC ORIGIN OF “HOLD THE FORT”—GOLD MINING—KENNESAW’S CIRCLE OF CAMP-FIRES.

Owing to the jaded condition of my horse I did not leave Adairsville until afternoon, and consequently did not attempt more than to reach Cartersville, 17 miles distant. This ride carried me over a steep mountain road during a good share of the way, and took in Cassville, where Johnston paused in his flight and fortified, expecting to give battle to his pursuer. But he was discouraged by the counsels of his corps commanders, Polk and Hood, who complained that the position which they had chosen was already enfiladed by our guns. So before morning they had pulled up and were gone again, and this time they did not pause until beyond the Etowah river and within the fastnesses of the Allatoona mountains.

Cassville was burned by us—all except its churches—and has only so far recovered as to furnish a rallying-place for the inevitable throng of butternut-clad men, who must “meet up” at least once a day, and who must have a “grocery” to “meet up” at. Cartersville has fared better, having arisen not only in equal size, but in greater

beauty than ever, from the ashes of her devastation. The stores and public buildings front on an open square which is divided in the middle by the railroad and depot. Three or four public, covered wells are an ordinary feature of every southern town, and the "screech of the well-wheel" was an object of complaint in one of the local papers at the time of my visit. The writer thought that the 3,500 citizens of Cartersville could afford something better and more enterprising.

An incident transpired just as I arrived which created only a passing ripple of excitement, but which is on that account the more noticeable. A fiery lad of the ordinary southern sort, 15 years old, had taken offense at a gentleman in one of the stores, and of course the next thing was to whip out his little pistol and shoot at him, which he did two or three times. The gentleman who informed us came with some haste upon the hotel steps and declared: "We've done had a right pow'ful little heap o' excitement; and I learned time o' the wah that bullets hain't got no eyes, so I've done got away soon as ever I could!" It was amusing to notice how the offense was regarded by those present. One aged man declared that "Ef thet 'ar boy war mine I'd give him a right smart lickin' fo' ever he went to bed!" And to this they nearly all assented, as expressing their views of the punishment which such offense called for. A little Jew clothier who has been here since the war, however, dissented: "I dells you

vat it ish, shentlemen; I dells you vat it ish: shoost so long effry man and boy carries a rewolver und shoots de first man dot makes him mad, shoost so long you gits no emigrants in de South!" And he had it about right. There were no arrests as a result of the shooting. I did not even learn that the young blood got his "'lickin 'fore ever he went to bed."

From Cartersville Johnston went directly to his stronghold at Allatoona Pass. But Sherman had no notion of attacking him there in position. For, when a young lieutenant, he had been despatched on horseback by the Government through these mountains, and had then observed the natural strength of the position, doubtless reflecting as he went how such a point might be defended, or assaulted, or *flanked*!

The latter course seems to have commended itself to the judgment of the youthful observer, who little dreamed that he was to become one of the greatest generals of history, and that here on this very ground he would one day command one of the finest armies upon which the sun ever shone. The bulk of the army was again moved by the right flank, the movement resulting in the fearful fighting at New Hope Church, some 16 miles south-west, and ultimately in the evacuation of Allatoona. Three miles from Cartersville I crossed the Etowah by a rope ferry, looked over one or two of our old camping-

places by the river, and climbed the narrow defile which penetrates the mountains in the direction of Allatoona.

Here, then, at length, we are in the old fort which crowns the south elevation of the hill, overlooking the little station of Allatoona. It is the spot where General Corse, with his little handful of men, withstood the repeated assaults of Hood's army on that fearful day in October, 1864, when he and his brave men saved to Sherman's army the millions of rations stored here. Yonder, lifting his head above the lesser hills, and clearly seen beyond the 16 miles of intervening ranges and valleys, is old Kennesaw, from the top of which Sherman watched the progress of events here with intensest interest; and where the flagman waved the immortal signal which cheered the little garrison then, and which on every Sabbath day is sung by thousands of Sabbath school children on this continent and other continents now: "Hold the fort, for I am coming. W. T. Sherman." This is the spot. The fort is still perfectly defined, though both the enclosure, the embankments and all the approaches are thickly overgrown with small trees. A peach-stone, dropped by some one, has grown to maturity, on the very crown of the fort, and is laden with stunted peaches. I have searched in vain for any leaden or iron relic of the day when shot and shell tore over and through this spot, making great rents in the ground and in human bodies!

The last time that I passed this spot a wagon load of limbs, which had just been amputated by our physicians from the rebel wounded, left in our possession, was being drawn away for burial. Many a poor fellow stumps about through the South whose leg is buried beneath this hill.

Through Ackworth to Big Shanty—how familiar the names! How effective to recall the scenes of muddy marches, drizzly encampments, dark nights of picket duty, and hundreds of skirmishes! Here are the same old encampments; here the rifle trenches, and here the still numerous wagon roads which we cut in all directions, to facilitate our movements through these woods. Many of them are still kept open by the citizens, and probably in a large measure compensate for the rails which we here burned. I turned aside from the main road to go the more thoroughly over the Big Shanty woods, and accosted an old man whose hut has stood here for the last 40 years.

“I reckon you must have lived here during the war?”

“Don’t reckon nuthin’ ’bout it,” was his rejoinder, “I war right heah all the while.”

“Was there much fighting here?”

You should have seen the look of condescending pity the old fellow turned upon me as he answered:

“Much fouten’? Hi reckon thar wuz. Nothin’ but fouten’ frum the fust of June tell the last of November or thereabouts. Fouten’ all ’round

these yur woods. Fouten' all the time fur six months about Kennesaw Mountain thar."

I manifested a due degree of interest and continued my questions:

"And you lived here all through it?"

"Thet ar I did, and hearn the cannon night an' day all thet time."

I did not undeceive him nor spoil his self conceited superiority of intelligence. The fact is, Kennesaw was evacuated on the night of the 2d of July, and on the morning of the 3d our flag was waving proudly where the rebel signal had flaunted at us for weeks.

There are now two active gold mines where our camps were located in the Big Shanty woods—one on each side of the railroad, the Kendrick and the Hamilton. A fine stamping mill is also run in connection with them. The last washing yielded some \$1,600. It is believed that the glittering particles, which every soldier of Sherman's army will remember to have seen in the sand about Big Shanty, indicate that this whole region is surcharged with precious metals, needing only more adequate means of separating them from the soil and rock.

But we must not linger in the woods of Big Shanty. On we go to the base of Kennesaw, where the old trenches, Yankee and rebel, are still standing, at places not more than 50 or 100 feet apart—wonderful reminders of the time when every rebel stray shot would be followed with the friendly

exhortation to "Grab a root!" or to "Lie low!" Reminders of the time when, although no one would have owned it, there wasn't a man of the crowd but would have willingly given a million of dollars to be at home—IF he could have commanded that sum. And well we might desire to be further north. The fateful day of June 27th was drawing on—the day when all along those closely drawn lines the smoke of battle should arise, and when a hundred and fifty thousand men should rend the air with sounds of mortal strife. When ordered to charge even upon the impregnable works of Kennesaw and Pine Mountains, not a man wavered, and thousands attested their bravery at the cost of their lives.

But we have lingered long enough at the base—up! up, we go! Yes, now, after severe climbing, we stand again where the confederate flag station and ours in turn were planted. We have passed at different points of our ascent the posts where the confederate batteries were stationed—good enough to-day for occupation if they should be required. Earth mounds are among the least perishable of man's works, when they are undisturbed, as the many relics of the mysterious mound builders attest. Our children to the latest generation may still find the imperishable scars of our great American conflict, if they do but care to visit them.

Look over now towards that lesser peak at our left. That is Pine Mountain, where General Polk

was killed on the 14th of June, 1864, by a gun from one of Howard's batteries. It is foolishly asserted that the gun was trained by the hand of Gen. Sherman in person, who, as they claim, recognized Gen. Polk. To have recognized Polk at a distance of 800 yards might indeed have been possible; but Gen. Sherman denies the story *in toto*. Look further to the left. Yes, there is the familiar head of Lost Mountain. Look down at this semi-circular base and off upon the adjoining hills and valleys. Here are the easily recognized sites of hundreds of encampments and thousands of camp fires. Who does not remember those evenings, when the confederate line could be seen by its camp fires, like a circlet of flashing rubies about the sides and base of Kennesaw? When we could see them go in and come out of their tents, and even count their "flap-jacks" as they "flopped" them in their skillets!

These rocks—they have echoed the boom of a thousand cannon and answered the clash of a hundred thousand bayonets as they crossed in conflict! These valleys and hills—they have heard the notes of the reveille, the assembly, the assembly, the charge, and after the battle the subdued tones of the muffled drum, as the dead were cast into the trenches! Those war-like sounds—why do none of them again salute my ear? Those marching myriads—where are they? Turn now on your heel and look off there on that beautiful knoll east of Marietta. What do you see?

Ten thousand white headstones, which adorn the national cemetery, and mark the last resting place of a part of this mighty host. Turn again and you see the resting places of other thousands who met them in battle, and there is another part of the host.

Others still remain to go up year by year to carry the tattered remains of battle flags (which waved proudly here) in processions, which are intended to be only reminders of the times that were. The years are changing all things. Not long hence there will be somewhere in this broad land a "last survivor" of these events, which wrought in men's souls the greatest of patriotism and valor.

The declining rays which glisten on the western side of Stone Mountain, away yonder, and which brighten the points of the steeples and domes in Atlanta, clearly seen to the south, remind me that I have yet several miles to travel in descending the mountain and finding lodgings in Marietta. Mechanically I pass my arm through the bridal rein and walk on before my horse as one in a dream. I am lost between the reality of the peaceful present and the almost equal presence of the war-like past. Lo! the old camp is yonder; why shall I not go thither, tie my horse to his place in the line, and sound the tattoo?

Marietta is the largest and most prosperous town since leaving Chattanooga. Judging from appearances, I should say there might be four or five

thousand inhabitants. An open court with a park in the center, bounded by streets, business and public dwellings, is the feature of the town. Having been well entertained at the Kennesaw House, I was at 7:30 again in the saddle and headed toward Atlanta. In passing the *Journal* office I called a moment on its editor and was very kindly received. For miles of the way out of Marietta the road was literally lined with horsemen on their way to attend the county democratic convention about to be held in that city. The object was to elect delegates to the state convention for the nomination of governor and other state officers. I was forcibly reminded of the time when large numbers of these same gentlemen were headed in another direction and proceeding with less deliberation. They had been holding quite a protracted convention in Marietta and on Kennesaw Mountain, with Gen. Joe Johnston as chairman, when Gen. Sherman sent in an urgent request for them to adjourn their proceedings to some point further south. Their next convention of that sort was held in Atlanta, and Gen. Hood was chairman.

Another Day in the Saddle.

NOT A "TWICKENHAM" FERRY—A STRANGE MOUNTAIN TEAM—EASY DOMESTIC TRAITS—WHERE TO LOOK FOR EARTHWORKS—OBSERVATORY TREE.

From Marietta I might have chosen any one of several routes, but preferred that which led through Vining's Station and across Paice's Ferry as being the one over which our command had several times marched. The morning was delightful; the atmosphere was clear as crystal, and a fine breeze was stirring, so that my ride was anything but tiresome. From the high ridge which overlooks Vining's Station I again had a fine view of Atlanta and its surroundings, although still some ten miles distant. On one hand could be seen Kennesaw, and on the other Stone Mountain, with great distinctness. From Vining's on to Atlanta the woods retain, in large measure, the footworn appearance which they received during the encampments and fighting of sixteen years ago.

Paice's Ferry is like several others which cover the approaches to Atlanta, as there are no foot bridges. It is an open, flat-bottom boat, strung to a continuous wire rope which reaches across

the river, and is drawn over by a buxom negress, who is the regular ferry-woman of the place. It has a capacity of two loaded wagons, and is but one of the common things here in the South which would be ludicrous in the extreme in the North. Every day and hour I behold things which would excite inordinate laughter if suddenly transferred to the streets of a northern town. Here, for instance, comes a team consisting of a large, bony horse and a very small jackass, which seem to work in harmony and to enjoy the vociferous driving of the big darkey who rides the nigh animal. There is a string of wagons coming down the mountain road and proceeding to market. They have come sixty miles from the isolated mountain regions, and they have ten or twelve, perhaps twenty, miles yet to go. These teams usually consist of a scrawny pair of little mules, whose broad-strapped home-made harness nearly covers them up. The wagons have high boxes projecting at each end, covered with canvas, and are loaded with all sorts of "truck" for the market. Usually, with other things, there are several cages of chickens, which form the staple meat of the South during the summer months; besides, there will be melons, grapes, eggs, and I know not what. On top of all, just beneath the sun-beaten canvas, will sit the wife, who, with the baby and four or five of the smaller children, is accompanying her

husband to market, to see the city, which is a journey that they enjoy only once a year.

On the veranda of that house yonder is one of the commonest sights in all the South. It is ten o'clock in the morning, and the "heat of the day" has begun. The women folks, two or three, have brought their chairs and are seated on the shady side, limp and listless, while their uncleared tables may be seen through the open door. There they will probably sit, chewing their snuff swabs, for several hours. If you rein in your horse and ask how far it is to the next place, within a mile or two of where they were born, and so near to which they have lived all their lives, they will answer with hesitation and evident uncertainty: "Wall, I reckin hits nigh about two miles or sich a matter." But I shall fail entirely to convey, to one who has never seen and heard for himself, the utter languidness with which the answer is given. It is impossible to print a drawl, or to put the southern twang in writing.

I had frequently heard at the North, from those who had passed through the South since the war, that nearly all the old marks of the war had been obliterated; that the forts had been leveled, etc. But I did not believe it, and now I know it is not true. I can readily see how one riding hastily through on the cars should derive such an opinion, when he saw the railroads and many of the burnt towns restored. But let him

get back, but a few rods often, from the railroad, and he will find the old marks in abundance. The fact is, the old rifle pits and forts are, for the most part, still standing, and, in the nature of the case, they will be for a half-century to come. Many of them are in places that are undesirable for farms—in mountains and deep forests—where they will be undisturbed. The old soldier of Sherman's army may visit this region any time during the present generation with the assurance that, if he takes pains to go back from the railroad, he will see plenty of the old, familiar objects—the trenches which he defended or upon which he charged at the risk of his life, when so many of his comrades lost theirs. The trees, which in most places have grown thickly upon the works, have sent their roots in all directions and will assist in holding them together against the disintegration of the elements. These remarks will apply freely to most of the old trenches in the vicinity of the Chattahoochee and Atlanta. In some cultivated fields they have been obliterated, but in the woods three-fourths of them are still intact.

About 12 o'clock I reached our old camp at Buck Head, four miles south of Paice's Ferry and five miles from Atlanta. I recognized the spot instantly, although it is so thickly grown to scrub oaks that I could with difficulty get through; yet the general features of the large oak trees are still the same, and yonder by the

roadside is that venerable and never-to-be-forgotten tree, up whose side were nailed steps and in whose top we built an observatory, from which to look into the city during our two weeks' stay in this camp. There on its sides are the scars of those steps still, and the open shape of the top still conforms to the platform which we built after clearing away the central branches. I pushed my way through the thick undergrowth, reached the spot where my tent was once pitched, and gave myself up to the reflective memories which flooded my soul. Opening my old diary to entries which were made on that spot, I read: (13th Aug., 1864,) "This morning sharp cannonading an hour or two;" (14th,) "This morning our division ordered out to Decatur, where we formed our line of battle and had a slight skirmish; at 10 o'clock returned to our camp;" (16th,) "Considerable fighting to our front this morning with heavy cannonading." During these days we were enjoying a little respite, having been continually, for a hundred days, in the saddle, engaged in raiding and tearing up railroad. From this camp we started on our raid around Atlanta with Kilpatrick, during which we had the severe sabre charge at Lovejoy Station, cutting our way out of the enemy, who had there surrounded us.

Reaching Atlanta, I soon found friends and quarters at the university (A. M. A.), where Professors Ware and Francis are passing their

vacations. The students are all away teaching during the summer months, and so the influence of the university is instantaneously multiplied. Much sooner than the teachers desire, their pupils are snatched up to become teachers themselves. As soon as they can read and write they are deemed qualified by those who employ them.

The university buildings are located on the western border of the city, on a beautiful rise of ground, and within sight of several of the old forts. Across the ravine yonder are the quarters of a regiment of United States artillery, which is permanently located at this point, and whose guard mounting I have just witnessed. It is wonderfully natural to be awakened of a morning by the familiar notes of the reveille, and every bugle-call which I hear so plainly from the barracks is to me like a chapter of the history which is past.

The Modern Atlanta.

THE YOUNG GIANT RISEN FROM ITS ASHES — MC-PHERSON'S MONUMENT — A PECULIAR MOUNTAIN — TITLED AMERICANS — THE CHAIN GANG — GEORGIA'S ROME.

The way in which Atlanta has risen from her ashes to three times her former size and to incomparably greater beauty and enterprise, since the war, is calculated to make us think that they who murmur at the burning of the city have no proper appreciation of their blessings! General Sherman knew what Atlanta needed, and he applied the remedy! Here now are nearly 40,000 inhabitants, stately rows of brick blocks, magnificent factories and hotels, and as fine churches as you will find in any city of its size. Of the immediate vicinity of Atlanta it is true that many of the earthworks have been leveled to make room for improvements. But many are still here — sufficient to satisfy any ordinary sight-seer.

The new buildings of Atlanta are modern in their architecture, and the residences are especially tasty and fine. Many buildings are now in process of construction. Of course the old

“gopher holes” of the door yards, dug for the safety of the residents from our shells, are all now leveled. Not a trace of one of them remains so far as I could see.

A monument has been erected on the spot where McPherson fell on the 22nd of July. It consists of a huge siege gun set on end in a solid base of granite, bearing an appropriate inscription. It is well that the monument itself is beyond the power of hostile spite, for the iron railing which surrounds it has suffered serious vandalism. An avenue has been cut to the monument, which stands a half a mile from the main road and about two miles and a half east of the city

Passing on towards Stone Mountain, a hundred familiar objects meet the eye. Here is where the picket line was stationed on the night of the 21st before the dawning of the fated day when Hood's men poured over the works of Atlanta and fell with such violence upon our left. Here are several lines of the earthworks yet. There is the notorious Liggett's Hill; and still further on, the identical spot where the old 3rd was camped when we were so fortunately ordered off to the work of tearing up the railroad at Covington, just in time to take us away from the onslaught of the 22nd of July.

While passing over the battle ground near Decatur I fell in with an ex-confederate soldier who was an attache of Cheatam's headquarters.

He was full of talk and bombast. So I let him rattle on with his story under the supposition that he was imparting a great deal of information to one in need of it. Indeed *it was* information to learn that the Yankees were so badly and utterly beaten as he declared. I had always retained, what I had supposed to be a trustworthy remembrance, that the Johnnies went back into their works after that fight and that the Yanks held their own. But it seems I have labored under a delusion and that the confederates were really victorious. I did not disturb the complacency of my informant and we parted company with mutual good-will.

Stone Mountain, sixteen miles south-east of Atlanta, is a wonder among the many natural wonders of scenery in northern Georgia. A huge boulder of solid granite, it rises sheer out of the ground, stern, sombre and solitary, presenting a bare and perpendicular face nearly a thousand feet high, to the north. On the south and west it is more approachable. Washings of white granitic sand have filled the crevices, and in places covered the hollows to the depth of several inches. In this strangely formed soil have grown up small patches of pines, which dot the south-western slope in a most beautiful manner. But this long process of nature, in forming soil from the slow accumulations of detritus, and then growing forests in it, has not yet sufficed to modify the astohishment of a first impression

that here, alone in the plain, is one solid, round-headed granite stone, large enough to claim place among the mountains, which by the hundred may be seen in the distance, but which seem to have shunned its company. During the numerous raids upon which we were sent, from our position on the left flank, we completed the circuit of this natural monument four times. From its top now I look down upon the road, at the very base of its perpendicular side, along which we marched. I look off into yonder valley where Wheeler came down upon us suddenly, expecting to find an easy prey, but out of which he went praying that the legs of his horse might be spared to escape from the Yankees! I look over to the south-east, where we burned the railroad bridge and tore up the track, and into Lithonia, where we twice encamped. Atlanta and Kennesaw Mountain are distinctly visible to the north-west. It is a grand sight, unobscured by any tree or shrub, for the top of the mountain is as bare as an Egyptian pyramid.

On my way back to Atlanta the cars were loaded with delegates on their way to the state democratic convention at Atlanta. The crowd was a study. The predominant impression to any member of Sherman's army would be: "I've met the most of these gentlemen before." In the confusion of voices mingled in promiscuous conversation you could hear every now and then: "Heow 'd, Colonel?" "Glad to see you, Gin'al!"

"Gwine up to the convention, Cyaptain?" There are "Generals" and "Colonels" and "Captains" in the South by the score and hundred, but I am firmly persuaded, after close observation and hundreds of miles of travel, that none of the rank and file of the southern army survived the unpleasantness of Appomattox! The mortality lists among the "privates" must have been something frightful to contemplate immediately after the "wah."

I had a fine opportunity to see one of the "chain-gangs" of convicts, which are contracted to mill, foundry and plantation owners at so much a head. These contractors become responsible to the state for their retention, and thenceforth have full liberty to drive them as they choose. It amounts to a virtual re-enslavement of all such negroes as can by any charge, true or false, be arrested and convicted. For some slight offense a long sentence is imposed and henceforth the luckless darkey is a member of the chain-gang. A few months ago, as I was told by a gentleman of undoubted veracity, a poor fellow, for over-heating a livery horse, was sentenced to ten years in the chain-gang.

In the gang which I saw there were 30 or 40 negroes, chained together, on their way to some plantation. There was not a white man among them. Perhaps all of the white criminals of Georgia, like all of the private soldiers of the late war, are dead!

The democratic state convention was the great event of the year, and (as one might be led to think) of all years at Atlanta. Its delegates wore clouded brows, as though the weight of national responsibilities was upon them. Their business was to name some one as democratic candidate for governor and to nominate other state officers

The representatives' hall of the State House required especial arrangement to accommodate the crowds who gathered. From the gallery I looked down upon the most compact assemblage of "Generals," "Colonels," "Majors" and "Captains" of the confederate service which I ever saw. No name was presented to the convention without it had some one of these talismanic titles; no praise was so potent as that which pertained to the candidate's confederate soldiering; and no praise was so vociferously received as that which was bestowed by the gentleman who, in presenting the name of "Colonel" Hardeman, declared that "he had never taken back on the stump the principles for which he fought on the field." This was doubtless a side thrust at ex-Gov. Brown and others of his faction. There was little of such cheering as we hear in a northern audience. If any allusion or hit pleased them, there was a short, sharp yell—the regular old "rebel yell," we used to call it, when these gentlemen were coming at us over the works. But since they have become good and

loyal citizens, I suppose it ought to be called the "loyal yell."

During a portion of my stay in Atlanta I was entertained at the delightful home of Col. Alfred Buck, clerk of the U. S. District Court. He has made his home in the South since the war, and has been prominent in the reconstruction affairs of Alabama and Georgia, having been at one time a member of Congress from the former state. We passed a pleasant evening looking over a fine set of lithographic charts of the Atlanta campaign which Gen. Sherman presented him during a visit to Atlanta. I also met Mr. Kimball, for whom the Kimball House is named, who is one of the proprietors of the great cotton factory which turns out 30,000 yards of muslin-a day, and to whom a large share of Atlanta's latter-day prosperity is due. He is the republican candidate for mayor, with fair chances of election.

Mr. Markham, owner of the Markham House, was one of the few union men who stayed in Atlanta during the siege. He was one of the committee of twelve men who marched out to meet Schofield and "deliver up" the city; and also one of the committee who waited on Sherman, hoping to secure a reversal of his decision to burn Atlanta. He is full of interesting reminiscences. He says that Sherman reasoned with them like a gentleman—telling them among other things: "Here are my soldier boys. One of them is worth more to me than your whole

city full of rebel sympathizers. I can't feed you both; *therefore you must go.*"

Such remarks will explain why the "soldier boys" loved "Uncle Billy" as scarcely any other general was loved by his men during the war.

Leaving Atlanta regretfully, I proceeded to Rome, where I had arranged for a meeting with a northern man, Col. J. F. Black, owner of the Shelby Iron Works, Alabama, which lie in the track of our devastating Selma campaign. Failing to "meet up" with my friend as expected, the half-day between trains was spent in looking over the place. It is situated at the point where the Oostenaula and Etowah rivers unite to form the Coosa, which is navigable to this point. Everywhere about are beautiful mountains. Indeed the place is built on its "seven hills," in close imitation of the ancient city for which it was named. It has grown wonderfully since the war, and now supports the title of "city" with easy dignity. Its water tower stands on a commanding eminence, as if set for the defense of the place. The new and beautiful buildings of Shorter College (Baptist) are also most admirably located on high ground. It is vacation time, but the lady-like little daughter of the President, R. D. Mallary, declared that "it would afford her pleasure to show me through;" and through we went, from chapel on first floor to art gallery and tower above. Very few colleges set out with such complete and excellent outfit as

the munificence of Col. Shorter has given to this institution.

We visited Rome in the fall of 1864, when pursuing Hood in his march to Nashville; and one of the forts erected here then is still standing. Hither also was sadly borne the body of young General Ransom, who died near here.

Of my trip northward through Stevenson, Murfreesboro, Nashville, and Louisville, it is not my intention now to speak in detail. In a word, however, any comrade who should visit these places would find at all ample reminders of the times and the experiences that were.

SECOND SERIES.

LETTERS OF 1885.

Cincinnati Reminiscences.

SCENES OF TO-DAY AND THOSE OF '61 — EMBARKING
THE RAW CAVALRY—OLD FACES — MISTAKEN VEN-
GEANCE ON MORGAN.

Of scenes we never grow weary. There are places grand by nature, which, once seen, enchant us forever; and there are others over which the emotions which thrill or the affections which charm us, have woven their spell, and they also are ever new. In Cincinnati these elements to me are combined. The views from the Heights are full of beauty. When the Heights are mentioned (such is man's power to write a curse on the fair face of God's hill), we think first of the great beer gardens, which are notorious throughout the land. But they cannot destroy the glory of the scene.

It was a bright morning when at 7 o'clock we rolled into the city. We visited the points of interest, the great music hall and exposition building, the zoological gardens and two of the beer gardens, for the latter are not left to one's

choice. You are compelled to pass through their grounds to reach the inclined railway. They are the first objects you meet at the summit of every incline. Each of them is a mammoth affair, with its great porches and open floors, having in all chairs and beer tables for 1,200 to 1,500, perhaps 2,000 beer guzzlers. We saw the court house, whose stone walls are nearly restored. The line of junction with the smoke-colored portion of the old wall is very distinct. Only a part of one side was left standing. Here is a lesson that whoso runs may read. That court house had become a standing irony and sneer at justice; it was the place where the guilty were again and again turned loose upon a long-suffering public, and the people, after a long time, aroused at length and turned their wrath upon it. There are smaller cities whose smaller court rooms might study this lesson with profit. There is a sense of justice among the people which will ultimately pour its fires upon any court or any judge who is found to be in league with crime and criminals, and who prostitutes his trust by rulings which are a mockery at justice.

There is one spot in Cincinnati which is to me of greater interest than all others. It is the steep hill-side of the river-front where the steamers receive and discharge their cargoes. Just now (Aug. 5, 1885), the water is at a very low stage and the great suspension bridge hangs in air 70 or 80 feet above your head as you stand

at the water's edge. Consequently the whole hill at the river front lies exposed. At high tide it is covered, and the water reaches above the second-story windows at the top. But as I stood there I thought little of these things; memory was busy with other days; I recalled a bleak December afternoon of 1862, when our regiment, having marched in from Camp Dennison, stood in line along this hillside, as the companies were loaded, one after another, upon a fleet of steamers which was in waiting beneath us. Our horses were unused to such scenes, and the work of transferring them across the long gang-planks to the steamers was slow. Now and then a stubborn animal pulled away and rolled off the plank into the river. It was after dark when our turn came. During a larger part of the afternoon we had waited in line. The wind howled; the river, somewhat swollen, was muddy and angry; the black smoke poured out of the many pipes which lined the river front, was caught by the wind and whirled off and up to join the dark clouds which scurried by in platoons. Altogether the scene was not inspiring to the zeal of a young soldier. Towards evening many of the men who, contrary to orders, had found their way to the adjacent saloons, became musical and boisterous. They were in poor condition to walk a plank in the dark, over the surging water, to say nothing about leading their horses. One of them stumbled off and, clinging to the bridle rein, his horse

followed him. They sank immediately beneath the stream, and the work of loading went on almost without interruption, for it was seen at once that the case was hopeless. About nine o'clock our regiment of 1,200 men and horses was all embarked, and the whole fleet, with much blowing of whistles and ringing of bells, swung into the stream and was off for Louisville. The scene was impressive. The darkness had deepened into inky blackness. The wind had increased to almost a gale. The steamers poured forth clouds of lurid smoke and sparks; while the city lying in darkness was revealed only by the flicker of its street lamps and the glare of its furnaces along the river front. But our men, worn out with the march of the forenoon and the weary waiting which followed, were soon rolled into their blankets, and stretched at full length upon the decks and cabin floors. When we awoke we were in sight of Louisville

How well I remember many of the men who stood in line along the river front on that cold December afternoon. Not far from me, to the right, was young J—— C——, who came into the company fresh from college, barely old enough to pass muster, his face and form delicate as a woman's. He brought with him to our recruiting officer a letter from his mother, a thoroughly cultured lady, who later visited our camp. I wish I could give you that letter. She spoke of her love for her boy, her only child; told how she

had looked forward to the time when he should be the support and solace of her old age; told how tenderly she loved him; but declared that she willingly gave him, her most priceless treasure, to the service of her imperiled country. Near Lexington, almost under the shadow of Henry Clay's mansion, that boy was killed with his face towards the enemy, less than a year from that time. His comrades boxed up his cold form and sent it back to that mother. The sacrifice was at last complete. We never heard from her again. Heartbroken, she bore her grief in silence. One of the unwritten chapters of the rebellion was locked up in that heart. We read in history of what happened at the front—the booming of guns and the blowing of bugles; but the heart-aches, the groans, the hours of weeping in secret places—concerning these history is silent.

Yonder to the left, on that line on the river front, was Captain W——, a grand man, brave and generous; killed at Chickamauga. Further to the left was Lieutenant (afterwards Captain) A——; went through the war almost to the time of mustering out; was killed by a drunken soldier at Macon in the summer of '65. So I could go up and down that line, looking into the faces of men who stood there with us twenty-four years ago next December, who long since heard the last tattoo, but to whom the realities of war were then in the future. None of us then knew who would live to tell the story. In

Company D there were four brothers by the name of G——. They were steady, faithful soldiers, who came fresh from their father's farm. They won the respect of all and being the only case of four brothers in the regiment they were in a manner noted. They never failed in duty; were always on hand for drill or march or battle, but served altogether in the ranks, none of them ever being promoted to anything higher than sergeant. Their exploits of various kinds would fill a volume. At the time when John Morgan was creating such a sensation by his guerilla sort of warfare, the youngest of these brothers, one day, surrounded by his comrades, took off his hat, held up his hand and, to the astonishment of all, swore by Almighty God that he would kill Morgan if he ever met him. A few months later occurred the affair at Lexington, already referred to. A battalion of our regiment, after a sharp fight, surrendered to John Morgan, who had in line ten times their number. After our boys had laid down their arms, General Morgan's brother, Major Morgan, wantonly fired at and wounded one of our officers, who was the writer's father, whereupon one of his superiors called out, "Morgan, Morgan, don't shoot a defenseless man!" Young G——, hearing this officer called "Morgan" and supposing that General Morgan was before him, remembering his oath, deliberately picked up his carbine from the ground and killed this Major Morgan. Of course it cost

him his life. He was instantly called out and riddled with bullets. But he died happy, thinking that he had disposed of a man whose name was a terror to the people of Indiana and Ohio.

Another of these brothers, having served out his three years to a day, remarked in the morning that he would soon be mustered out and go home. But we were then in a raid and his discharge could not be issued until we should reach camp. In the afternoon occurred the sabre charge of Lovejoy Station, and his head was shot off by a shell from the enemy's battery. Another, in the same charge, dismounted to help his wounded officer. While doing that deed of kindness the confederates came upon him and both were hurried away to prison. He was permitted to act as hospital attendant to his friend; tenderly cared for him; brought him to life from the brink of the grave; and when both were on their way home, after the war was over, the Mississippi river boat on which they were, blew up, and both were killed.

Such are some of the many fortunes of war which live again in my memory when I stand at the river front in Cincinnati, where these men stood with me in line nearly twenty-four years ago. For them, at last

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are passed,

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

The Chattanooga Battle Cluster.

PENNED IN BY THE MOUNTAINS—THE SCARS OF
WAR—A WOMAN'S REMINISCENCES OF A 'POW'FUL
HEAP O' TROUBLE.'

Probably there is no other spot on this continent which is the center of so many historic fields as Chattanooga. There are elevated points within the city limits, like Fort Wood, which is still standing, from which you may have in full view three famous and immortal battle grounds. Yonder is Lookout Mountain, the memorable scene of Hooker's "battle above the clouds;" just east of it is the valley where the Chattanooga battle was fought; and further to the east, in fine view, is Missionary Ridge, where the army of the Cumberland retrieved the fame which it lost at Chickamauga. From the mountain top the field of Chickamauga is also in full view, but, lying east of Missionary Ridge, is not visible from the city.

Yesterday (August 6, 1885) we visited the battlefield of Chickamauga. The morning was delightful, a little warm, but not as uncomfortable as many recent days in Kalamazoo. The

drive out of the city lies along the base of Missionary Ridge, and all the way to Rossville we had in full view the ground up which the famous charge of Sheridan's and Wood's divisions was made. The valley between Lookout and the Ridge is between two and three miles wide, and every foot of it is historic ground. Yonder on the mountain side were Hooker's men; there in full view is the spot where they burst from the clouds and with a shout drove the confederates from the crest. Down here in the valley to the right is the road where Osterhaus pressed forward, capturing the pass at Rossville, and where Wood and Williamson, supporting him, charged the heights on either side of the road. And here, at this little hamlet of Rossville (two or three houses and a blacksmith shop, at the pass) is the spot where Rosecrans stood in consultation with his chief-of-staff Garfield, debating whether he himself should ride back and try to rally his broken army or go into Chattanooga and prepare for the reception of the fragments as they should make their way in. All the world knows the story. He determined on the latter course. Sending General Garfield to find General Thomas and place him in command on the field, General Rosecrans rode into Chattanooga, utterly dejected. It is one of the most remarkable passages of history, and perhaps the only case on record where the commander of a vast army deliberately turned away and left it still engaged in a life and death

grapple with the enemy. Garfield found Thomas standing like a rock, holding his men up against the enemy, who time and again broke upon him in awful surges on that fearful 20th of September, 1863.

The Gap at Rossville is a narrow opening through Missionary Ridge, which rises on either side of the roadway in a steep, wooded slope. The passage through is from a mile to a mile and a half in length. Emerging, we took the road along which General Garfield sped on that memorable errand, not knowing at what moment he might find it swarming with masses of the enemy, who were pressing farther and farther to the left and the rear of our army, having utterly broken our left flank. The general direction of the battlefield is south-east from Chattanooga, so that our course east of the Ridge lay along nearly parallel with it, as before passing the Gap it had done on the west side. Every rod of the way is now replete with interest. Over yonder to our left and parallel as we ride southward is Chickamauga Creek, along the west side of which the lines of battle were first drawn. There is where Brannan and Baird held our left, and here are the marks on the trees which still attest to every passer-by how thick was the leaden hail which compelled them to yield. We rode leisurely along the red-clay road which now as formerly winds in and out among the oak and pine trees; now up on some favoring hill, which affords a full view

of open fields, over which contending thousands with shout and yell rushed in charge and counter-charge; and now in some valley, thickly wooded. where the poor boys, who stood in their places able to see only a few rods, must often have wondered whether those on left and right were supporting them or leaving them to their fate. We made no haste. The ground is sacred. Now and then we met the laden wagons of Georgia farmers on their way to the Chattanooga market, tricked out in all that irregularity of harness and animals which strikes a northerner as extremely grotesque. A very big horse is frequently hitched with a very small mule. Sometimes the broad-strap harness almost covers the animal up, and sometimes the harness is only a strange tangle of strings, ropes and straps, while the wagon wheels, dished partly one way and partly the other, wobble and groan along as if protesting that their years of service are done and their rest should begin.

About ten o'clock we drew near the point occupied by Reynolds, Palmer and Negley, which early in the fight was the center of our line. Finding that we were opposite a farm-house, we tied our horse and went in. The house was a little larger than is common in the vicinity, but of the usual pattern, built of logs, having an opening through the middle where the family sit in the heat of the day, where there is always a grateful shade and usually a pleasant breeze.

The lady of the house, the husband being absent, made us welcome, set chairs for us in that part of the house described, and sent one of her numerous children to bring us water "fraish from the bucket" which hung invitingly just in the curb. She lived right here during the battle. We asked her some questions about her experiences, which elicited the remark, "I reckon you alls is from the noath from the int'rest you alls takes in the wah." We so assured her. "We'uns had a pow'ful heap o' trouble in them air times. We'uns at first thought the battle was all gwine ter be down yen by the creek, tew mile away, but, law! them guns got louder and louder an' d'rectly the shails 'gin to drap right hyar in our do' yard, an' the yard an' all the fields war full of soldiers. Then we 'lowed hit war time fur us to git out o' hyar, an' we went tew a house a couple of miles further up yen agin the Ridge. I reckon thar war nigh onto sixty of us wimmin thar at that thar house. Law! they fought plumb up past our house hyar, through our yard and plumb up old Mr. Snodgrass's house, a mile further up. Thar's whar Gin'ral Thomas tuk his stan', and the southern army tried mighty hard, an' they fit on that third day till past dark, but they couldn't git no further. Thar's whar they had the hardest fightin', all around old man Snodgrass's place. He kin tell you all about it, fur he stayed thar threw all the fight."

We lingered a half-hour or more, eliciting from

Mrs. Kelley her interesting account of the battle. There are few women in the country who have passed through such experiences. Late in the day their house caught fire from a shell and burned to the ground, and the awful stench which pervaded the whole field for some time after the battle kept them away from home. But it required no testimony from living lips to assure us that her home stood in the line of severest fighting, where, after both flanks had been turned, our center, yielding inch by inch and fighting every rod of the way with awful carnage, was pressed back to Horseshoe Ridge, where the "Rock of Chickamauga" refused to yield another foot; for, as we turned again into the road and made our way over to the creek, we found almost every large tree, for more than two miles, bullet-marked, as though years back it had passed through a siege of the small-pox. But the scars, even on the trees, are fading out with the passing years. Those on the pines show most distinctly, being marked with knots of resin, which has oozed out of every bullet-hole. Those on the oaks are distinguished now only by a little slit and a patch of bark smoother than the rest. The creek, narrow, deep, muddy and steep-banked, moves sluggishly towards its junction with the Tennessee—an emblem of anything but war, seeming too insignificant to have given name to one of the greatest battles of history.

Old Battlefields Revisited.

WHERE THOMAS HURLED THEM BACK—THE SETTLER
WHO STAYED IT OUT—LONGSTREET'S VISIT—A
SCENE OF PEACE—THE FORTIFICATIONS NOW—
MOURNING FOR GRANT.

*Returning from Alexander's Bridge, which crosses the Chickamauga near the center of the first line of battle, we retraced our steps for two miles. The valley of the creek for the space of half a mile on either side is just now covered with a heavy growth of corn. Back of the cornfields are the woods, which stand much as they did twenty-two years ago, penetrated by the same roads, whose zigzag courses follow, as is usual in this region, "the lines of least resistance." We turned into and followed one of these cross-roads for some distance, finding everywhere the same evidences of the severity of the fight. Broken and jagged tree tops, with now and then a great scar, which marks the spot where half the thickness of the tree was shot away, show where cannon ball and shell plowed their way over the heads of some, to do execution further on. The

Written from "Rock City," Lookout Mountain, Aug. 13, 1885.

larger trees are nearly all blotched with bullet marks. In several Mrs. Brown counted as many as eighteen scars. When we recall that the line of battle as at first formed was seven or eight miles long, and that throughout this distance the trees still bear these scars, though in places in smaller numbers, we may judge of the death-storm in which over 50,000 of our boys stood during those September days of 1863.

The line of battle, conforming in general direction to the course of Chickamauga Creek, extended north and south, facing east. After varying fortunes of the first two days, both wings of our army were broken and crowded back, the center yielding also, but more slowly, until the shape of our lines rudely resembled a horseshoe. At this time the centre, under Thomas, was fully two miles west of the creek, posted on a spur of Missionary Ridge called "the horseshoe," while the wings were bent around it to right and left. Here occurred the most fearful fighting of the battle. The victorious and exultant confederates in dense masses were pressing our lines in front and rushing upon our exposed flanks, so far to right and left as almost to have surrounded the entire army. But here also the grand old hero, who had saved the army at Stone's River, had determined to yield no further. When that decision was made there was but one thing for the confederates to do. They fought with desperation—fought till long after dark; forced

their men again and again up to the cannon's mouth and upon the cold steel of Thomas's bayonets, but they went back, like the broken surges of the sea when they have smitten a rock and turned to foam.

During this fighting of the third day, Thomas made his headquarters near the summit of the ridge, beneath an oak tree in the dooryard of a mountain farmer, a Mr. Snodgrass, who still lives where he did then. To his house, by a narrow and winding road through the thick timber, we made our way. The ground rises gradually for more than half a mile and is heavily timbered until within 80 or 100 rods of the house, where we emerged upon Mr. Snodgrass's farm.

We found the old man, patriarchial in appearance, sitting in his yard beneath the tree once honored as Thomas's headquarters in battle. He made us welcome, ordered chairs for us by his side, and entered freely into an account of that great day in his life, when his humble log house was the center of two almost encircling armies, engaged in mortal combat. He remained at his home during the entire battle. In the early stages of it, he did not think flight necessary, and when he would have gone, retreat was nearly cut off, and he was liable to have run into the heat of an engagement in any direction. Moreover General Thomas's hospital tents were pitched not far from the house, and the General told him that he would be safer near their flag than anywhere

else. The wounded and dying were brought into the open yard and fields around his house, until they numbered nearly 2,000 and the ground was red with blood. From the elevation where General Thomas stood nearly all of the final movements of the battle could be overlooked and directed. Yonder to the left, through that corn-field, is where General Gordon Granger, hastening over from Rossville with three brigades, came to the rescue just in time to hurl his men against Hindman's and Kershaw's divisions of Longstreet's command, which had formed and were about to charge our right and rear. Here is where the gallant Steedman, seizing the colors of a regiment, led the charge in person. This was the critical moment and turning-point of the battle. The charge was short and decisive, but the slaughter was fearful. Up yonder, just over the crest of that hill to our right, as we face the east, is where it happened; and that is where the dead men lay so thick that for a long distance you could have stepped from one to the other. It was a fearful price, but our army was saved. Longstreet tried again to charge our men from the ridge, but the hour had passed and the tide had turned. Here just before us, about 80 rods down the hill, is where the confederates burst from the woods again and again, only to be hurled back. Many of the rebel dead still lie where they were buried on the field. Our boys who

gave their lives for their country are gathered into the National cemetery at Chattanooga.

Among the many who have visited this spot, Mr. Snodgrass told us of three who not long ago rode up to his gate and inquired:

“Is this where Mr. Snodgrass lives?”

“I told em’ it was.”

“Is Mr. Snodgrass at home?”

“I told them Mr. Snodgrass was hyar before ’em.”

“Would Mr. Snodgrass come to the gate?”

“I says to ’em, ‘Ef you alls have more to do with me than I have to do with you alls, you alls may come to where I am.’”

“‘But,’ says one of the horsemen, ‘this is General Longstreet.’”

“‘Longstreet or Shortstreet,’ says I, ‘is all the same to me. ’Pears like I’m a older man than ary one of you.’”

So the patriarch, with the long gray hair and beard, stood on his dignity, refusing to be flattered by a visit from General Longstreet. The party stayed several hours. Longstreet was particular to enquire just where General Thomas made his headquarters. The tree was pointed out. On one side a great root, gnarled and knotted, has been washed bare and stands up a foot from the ground, forming, with the body of the tree for a back, a natural seat. Upon this Longstreet sat, saying as he did so:

“It is reasonable to suppose that at some time

during the day General Thomas would sit down on this root, and I want to sit where Thomas sat."

It may be remarked, in passing, that Longstreet was moved with the same desire to sit where Thomas had been, some twenty-two years ago, but at that time he got no nearer than the bottom of the hill—there were insurmountable obstacles. During the entire conversation General Longstreet referred only in terms of the highest respect to General Thomas.

One of Mr. Snodgrass's sons-in-law, living with him and working his farm, was one of the famous "Texas rangers," and carries five wounds, all received at Perryville. He was very cordial and talked over the former times with the utmost good humor. Just before we started on our return to the city he called his little boy:

"You, John, run and fetch the gentleman some of them bullets."

And presently the lad returned laden with relics, of which the field still affords an abundance. He brought blocks chipped from pine trees, with bullets in them, rusty bayonets, belt buckles, and the like. We took several, handed the lad his expected bucksheesh, ate our lunch beneath the spreading branches of Thomas's oaken headquarters, and returned to the city. As we emerged from the pass at Rossville, the shadows from Lookout, which loomed grandly in the west, nearly crossed the valley; the farmers were returning with their empty wagons from the

city; the cows, gently lowing and tinkling their bells, were leisurely making their way towards many barnyards. Over the whole scene there hovered the spirit and the benediction of peace. It was such a scene as one might picture for some gentle realm where love has always been supreme and where war has been forever unknown. And when we tried to realize that only a few years ago this whole Chattanooga valley was filled with armed soldiers, that every rock has sent back its echo of thundering cannon, that yonder ridge was at one evening time all ablaze with the flash of hostile musketry and howitzers, we seemed to ourselves like those who have dreamed some horrid dream and awaked to a brighter reality.

There are many former soldiers, doubtless, who will be glad of a word concerning the present condition of the fortifications which they helped to pile about Chattanooga and which were once of such intense interest to them. We spent a day in visiting the different forts which are still standing along the former lines of defense about the city. "Cameron Hill" is now accessible to the top by a good carriage drive, and from its altitude of 500 feet we had a fine view of city, valley and river for miles around. The fort on the hill is still there, though broken and weed-grown. Most of the trenches about the city have disappeared. In the cultivated valley not a trace of them remains, and those nearer the city have given way to the many improvements which

have marked the growth of Chattanooga from a population of 2,500 to 25,000 people. "Fort Wood" is in a good state of preservation, considering the time that has elapsed. But the city has nearly reached it in growing, and it must soon run up the white flag and yield to the victories of peace. "Rock Fort" too will soon be demolished, constant encroachments being made by a neighboring stone quarry. The fort where Grant made his headquarters during a part of the battle of Chattanooga, almost directly east of the city, is also well defined. But it is entirely surrounded by suburban cottages, and the demand for surrender has already sounded along the ramparts.

On the 8th, while hundreds of thousands from all parts of the land were assembled in New York to bury, with unprecedented honors, the nation's hero, we retired to the National cemetery, where 12,896 men, who in the memorable battles of this vicinity laid down their lives, now sleep in peace. The cemetery lies east of the city on a gentle hill between Lookout on the one hand and Missionary Ridge on the other. The hill, though sloping gently on all sides, would be a lofty one in Michigan, and commands at its top a fine view of the valley southward and of the ridge eastward, where the fighting occurred. The flagstaff and siege guns which crown the summit mark the spot where General Grant and staff stood during the charge of Missionary Ridge. The spirit of the

great man seemed not far away as we looked upon these fields of one of his most brilliant achievements. Nor could we forbear the reflection that here was a most fitting symbol of the close of the great captain's career, for all these scenes of war outside of the city now lie hushed and silent; flowers are growing in beauty where once the blood of the slain stained the ground; and yonder, where once it tried the souls of brave men to go, a little child is playing with her lamb.

The cemetery itself is a most beautiful spot. You enter it through a massive stone arch, which is closed by ponderous iron gates. A stone wall five feet high and three feet thick entirely surrounds the grounds. Once within, all is beautiful with every device of the gardener's skill. Not a hand-breadth of the ground is neglected. The whole is one vast luxuriant lawn, close-cropped. The walks and drives are excellently graveled and drained. Long rows of shade trees line them on either side and of pleasing variety. Nothing is stiff or rectangular. The drives and walks and even the headstones are disposed in curves adapted to the knolls and depressions of the grounds. Outcroppings of natural rock here and there have been left; but around them have been planted shade trees, cypress or willow, with oak and maple, and over them are trailing, in all the profusion of nature, vines of English ivy, with interspaces of mottled gray and deep-green moss. Here and there are iron tablets with black

background and raised white letters, by which you are invited to reflect that—

No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now sweeps upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts,
Of loved ones left behind.

Rest on, embalmed, heroic dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave!
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.

Some time ago, in company with my friend, President Morrison, I visited the National cemetery at Springfield, Missouri. "I never can come to this place," said the good man, "without weeping." His eyes were ready for the handkerchief as he spoke. If the time shall ever come when I can visit such a place as this National cemetery "without weeping," then "may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." By the strange fortunes of war, thousands of worthier men than I lie here; while I am spared to come, after a score of years, and—

Walk on the dust that lies o'er their brow.

They were my brothers. In common vigils and marches and oft-times in common hunger, in common dangers and sufferings, I learned to love

them, and count it my honor that I may salute their silent dust with the memories and the affections of a comrade. To all who read these lines I this day point out their graves, saying, "Behold the unspeakable price of your liberties!"

Business places and residences were heavily draped, and memorial services were held in one of the largest churches.

On Lookout Mountain.

SCENES OF THE BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS—A
VISION OF FIVE STATES—NATURE PHOTOGRAPHS A
CITY IN ROCKS—LOOKING DOWN FROM THE HEIGHTS
—FIVE YEARS' CHANGES.

*Many have doubtless been accustomed to think of Lookout mountain as a solitary peak in Tennessee overlooking the city of Chattanooga. In all of the engravings and chromos it is so represented and in nearly all references to it the same mistake is made; which probably arises from the fact that the battle was fought near the point at the north end of the mountain. The fact is that Lookout is a range extending many miles in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction across the northwestern corner of Georgia, into Tennessee, which is terminated abruptly by the Tennessee river at its northern end near the city of Chattanooga. The precipitous and rocky north end of this range in Tennessee is the portion made famous by Hooker's exploit. It is this portion which is usually thought of as Lookout mountain. Visitors from the north frequently, if not usually, content themselves with

*Written from "Rock City," Lookout Mountain, Ga., Aug. 17, 1885.

a visit to the point which overlooks the city and many windings of the river, and go away thinking that they have seen all that is worth seeing on the mountain. The view from the point is indeed a grand one. From here portions of five different states, it is said, are distinctly visible. Some say seven but that is not true. A glance at the map will show any one how it is possible, from this elevation of two thousand feet, to see points in *four* different states, viz.: Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina and Alabama. In addition a lofty peak is shown, which, it is affirmed, is near to Cumberland gap, in Kentucky. If this be true, which I doubt, then we look across the entire breadth of Tennessee, for the Georgia line is only two miles south of the Point. Bragg's fortifications, on the mountain, were near the Point, and were still in good state of preservation when I was here five years ago. But in the meanwhile they have nearly all been leveled.

They who, being on the mountain, satisfy themselves by a visit to a single locality make a great mistake. There are different places along the entire range which reward the tourist with magnificent views, each having its own peculiarities, and each in a manner unrivalled. One feature is common throughout the length of the range; a rocky and precipitous bluff, varying in height from 50 to 300 feet, continuously marks the summit. It is this feature, perhaps more than any other, which renders the view from Lookout so peculiarly

grand. At any point on the mountain, the sight-seer can easily reach the verge of this bluff and he then has a view which is wholly unobscured by trees, or any obstacle. In most places the bluff is far above the tops of the highest trees which grow on the steep mountain-side beneath. Rock City, so called, where we have made our stay on the mountain, is a part of this rocky rampart, situated a mile south of the Tennessee line. There is here no city, as the name would seem to indicate. The solitary mountaneer's cottage at which we are staying is situated in the edge of the pine woods, but a few rods back from the precipice, which is here 300 feet high. In the afternoon the rocky surface of the bluff is entirely shaded, and furnishes a delightful place to read Miss Murfree's book, "Life in the Tennessee Mountains;" for from this lofty perch, "Pine Mounting," and several other scenes of her stories are in plain view.

"Rock City" is only a strange and wild effect produced by the rocks themselves. It is in fact a portion of the bluff, laid bare for the space of an acre or two and cleft into deep seams which traverse each other in all directions, like the streets of a city, leaving the rocks in huge squares like the business blocks or palaces of some exhumed Pompeii. These strange streets, forty or sixty feet beneath the surface, are all accessible and each has its name. "Broadway" is of comfortable width and in it trees and shrubbery are growing. "Fat Man's Misery" is a long, narrow rift, through

which you walk, looking up at the little ribbon of light 40 feet above your head and wondering how long ago some earthquake opened the seam; wondering too, how long it will be till another convulsion closes it up again. The name of this last street indicates the difficulties which certain persons encounter in traversing it.

The view from this bluff is magnificent. The precipice juts far into the valley and commands a wonderful view of it in both directions; while different ranges of mountains, fold after fold, lie away to the east, till in the dim distance mountain and cloud are blended beyond the power of human vision to separate them. From our lofty perch we look down upon the homes of the farmers in the valley, appearing much like those which Gulliver found in the land of the Lilliputians. The cows look scarcely as large as rabbits, while the teams and wagons passing down there seem so small that it is difficult to persuade ourselves that they are engaged in the real business of life, bearing its burdens and preparing the stock in trade for its markets. They look more like the tin toys with which children amuse themselves. It is not difficult from such a place to realize that there is One who from His throne, "On the circle of the Heavens," regards all men but as children. The appearance of the different fields is most interesting as you look down upon them. The whole landscape, with its alternation of crops of different shades of green, interspersed with groves of still another

shade, looks like a great checker-board with every block clearly defined. The view of the city from here is remarkable. It is fully four miles distant in direct line; seven or eight by wagon road. And yet as we look down upon it, it seems like a "birds-eye map" of itself. Every street and every prominent building may be located. At night when the electric lights are aglow the effect is very fine. It is as though a constellation had dropped from the sky to illumine the valley.

The weather here is delightful. We have fire on the stone hearth of our room almost every night and morning. At this hour (10 o'clock A. M.) the thermometer marks 70 degrees. The warmest day that we experienced down in Chattanooga, was no warmer than you had in Kalamazoo, according to the published report.

The daily scenes about us here, among these mountaineers, are much like those described by Miss Murfree. The mountain has here and there its little farm, connected by a rude road which straggles to right and left through the woods where the many gulleys and knolls may be most easily crossed. The transition from the busy life of the city, lying yonder, to the quiet life of these mountain cottages, is complete. There, all is rustle; here, all is rest. The mountaineers never hurry. A little field of corn and another of potatoes are growing close by; the mountain has great "patches" of black-berries growing wild, as fine as any in the gardens of the north; the cows get their own living and deliver

their milk without asking for tickets; rent is nothing, for the mountaineers are the independent owners of their plain homes; the assessor who should lay anything but a nominal tax upon this mountain soil, would be ashamed ever after to look in the glass again; why should not these people be contented and happy? Such indeed they seem to be. We preferred a temporary home at one of these cottages, located where we have this view, to the hotels. Our hostess spreads for us three times a day a table whose linen is scrupulously neat, with an abundance of clean, well cooked food. In the abundance with which she feeds us we were happily surprised. But anyone who knows aught of the life of these mountaineers would expect the cleanliness. Miss Murfree is right in saying that the "rude homes of these mountaineers are distinguished by scrupulous cleanliness, and in this respect are in striking contrast to the poor hovels of the lowlanders." Fruits, and especially peaches, grow in great abundance on the mountain. With peaches, blackberries, milk in abundance, excellent breadstuffs, fried chickens and vegetables, we have been fed to our entire satisfaction. Our hostess has a natural dairy cellar, in one of the deep clefts of "Rock City," which is close to her house. There, 40 feet below the surface, she gets from a living spring the water which comes cool to the table; and thence also, from a natural shelf, over the spring, she brings her pitcher of milk and the roll of butter for our meals. Near here is a former encampment and some of the stone chim-

neys erected by our soldiers are still standing, as also one of the old hospital buildings.

Yesterday we attended church on the mountain. The local preacher, himself one of the mountain farmers, called for us with his wagon, which, unusual to the region, has a pair of springs. His two large mules drew us easily up the steep places and for the equally steep down grades his wagon is provided with a strong brake. We rode more than six miles and found the little log church in a wooded solitude, so completely secluded that we could not see it a few rods away. But the people had already assembled and we could hear them singing before we reached the church. Their saddle animals and teams were tied all about among the trees. We found the house full to almost overflowing. There were all ages from the children up, a larger proportion than is usual in cities being young people. Most of the people were of the lean mountain type, light complexion and light colored hair. The singing, led by a very tall man, was good, and nearly every person in the room joined, men, women and children. They sang "Jesus Lover of my Soul," "A Charge to Keep I Have," and several pieces from "Gospel Hymns," which have been printed in a small book in use on the mountain, together with some pieces with which we were not familiar. As we arrived the Sunday school was dismissed and five minutes intermission before preaching announced. After the five minutes the room was again filled. I had

hoped to hear the local preacher but he insisted with over-persuasion that the stranger should speak. I never addressed a more attentive, or respectful audience; and I found, speaking for the first time to Georgia mountaineers, that their hearts are like the hearts of other people, responsive to the same appeals, bearing the same burdens, thrilled by the same joys and cherishing the same hope of a coming day, when the people of mountain and valley shall meet together beyond the waste of years in a land where they shall go no more out.

Old Lines About Nashville.

TRACING THE LASTING WORKS AND HASTY TRENCHES—
INTERESTING REMAINS—TRANSFORMATION OF ZOL-
LICOFFER BARRACKS—GALLANT GEN. CHEATHAM—
CORDIAL TERMS BETWEEN EX-SOLDIERS OF THE
TWO ARMIES.

*Our experiences the past few days have been so full of interest that it is difficult to choose a "point of departure" for this letter." Jubilee Hall, of Fiske university, where we have been most cordially received by friends, stands on the spot occupied by Fort Gillem during the siege of this city by Hood's army. It is at the north-western angle of the city, midway between the capitol and the Cumberland river, on what was the inner line of Thomas's defences. But, aside from the marks of the great battle, Nashville and vicinity is a place of much interest to many thousand soldiers who at one time or another during the war were camped here. What boy-in-blue who ever soldiered in this region does not remember "old Zollicoffer barracks?"—an immense brick structure designed for a hotel, which

Written from Fiske University, Nashville, Aug. 24, 1885.

the war caught unfinished, with walls up, roof on and floors in, but with no windows and but few partitions. It was at once converted into a half-way house for regiments en route to camp or field. Two separate times, in different years, detachments of our regiment were marched into it in passing through the city. The old Zollicoffer is to-day the Maxwell house of Nashville, one of the largest and finest hotels of the south. As I stepped into its elegant dining-room (the very same where we were served with bread and pork, except the changes wrought by the painters and plasterers), no one said "halt," but a black waiter, with white apron, bowed his suavest and said, "This way, sah." When he handed me the bill of fare, I asked him if he could "bring me a slice of cold salt pork;" but he looked at me and then at the bill, and I forbore. Cold pork and bread in chunks have gone their way from this room, together with the sabres which once clanged along these corridors and the muskets which used to come down with an echoing thump at the command, "Order arms!"

My companion at the table to-day was an ex-confederate, a genial fellow now, but he would have been glad of the chance to shoot me about the time I took dinner here over twenty years ago. At the hotel also I met General Frank Cheatham, who commanded Hood's right during the siege, and the confederate left on the last day of the battle. I had a most pleasant visit with

him. He is a man of medium height, rather full habit, white hair and mustache, florid face, only slightly wrinkled, which lights up with a genial smile at the slightest occasion. He must be about 60 years of age. He makes his home in the city at present, and has been in this vicinity since the war. He talked freely of his battles and with equal freedom of those in which he confessed that he was whipped. However, be it here confessed that it was no small job to whip him; and there were plenty of confederate generals, rather than General Cheatham, whom we preferred to have in our vicinity during the "unpleasantness." He told me of his meeting General Sherman at Chattanooga a few years ago, and how they talked over their campaigns together; spoke of riding out recently to the Widow Compton hill, southwest of the city, where his corps was located on the confederate left when—to use his own words—he "was so badly routed." He told me he wanted to climb the hill, but that walking has been rather more difficult recently than in former years, and that he had been obliged to content himself with looking up to the woods which crown the summit. The hill would be called almost a mountain in Michigan, and is perhaps 400 or 500 feet high. When I told him that I had during the past week climbed the hill and made my way through the thick undergrowth along his entire line of earthworks, he grasped my hand warmly and appeared as much delighted

as if he had met an old-time friend. During the conversation a gentleman passed and with a salute said, "Howd'y', general?" "That gentleman," said General Cheatham, "is Mr. O'Brien, one of the finest men in this city. He was one of my quartermasters during the war." After much more that was to me most interesting, the general invited me cordially to visit him at his home, saying with a smile as he closed, "I have met many men from the north; I always like to meet you; I want you all to know how thoroughly I am re-constructed." He presided at the Grant memorial exercises held in this city a few days ago, and in speaking of the dead hero was moved to tears.

Almost every prominent line of the fight, in the great battleground about Nashville, can still be traced by one who knows where to look; while there are places like the left of Overton's hill and Widow Compton's hill, where almost every rod of the trenches remain, and where the bullet-marks are as thick on the trees as at Chickamauga. These two points of the battle-field every visitor should see. The first lies about four miles south on the Franklin pike, and the second is about an equal distance southwest on the Granny White pike. These are the places where the fighting was severest, and where the dead lay thickest.

It will be recalled that on the morning of Dec. 15, 1864, under cover of a thick fog, General Thomas's forces, under General A. J. Smith,

including Garrard's, McArthur's, and Moore's divisions of infantry, together with Wilson's cavalry command, moved out from our right and struck the enemy in flank, driving him from the outset and compelling him to re-form on his center. The fighting during that whole day was severe, and the enemy struggled with desperation, but failed to gather up and was continually driven. During the night Hood abandoned his defences, and withdrew to a position two miles south of his first line, and his troops worked all night throwing up earthworks to receive the assault which he knew would come with the morning. The earthworks extended the whole distance between and including the two points named, a little overlapping the Granny White pike on the west and the Franklin pike on the east. But it was no sort of use. "The Rock of Chickamauga" was in a violent state of earthquake and eruption, and everything had to "stand from under." Thomas was slow in getting ready; but when he was ready, he was ready.

Driving out first on the Franklin pike, we turned aside to visit Fort Morton, whose rocky sides and red-earth summit have a decidedly warlike appearance still. It stands on one of the highest hills in the southern suburb of Nashville, and commands a magnificent view of the city on the one hand and a wide sweep of the country on the other. We walked through its broken entrance, over weeds and grass growing peacefully

enough now, and furnishing pasture for a cow or two which grazed unmolested over the crumbled magazine which once held its thousands of pounds of cartridges and powder. From the escarpment we could look into Fort Negley, which stands across the pike and a little beyond, separated by about half a mile from Fort Morton. Between these forts and onward from the latter in a semi-circle, curving southwest and then northwest to the Cumberland, ran our line of trenches, behind which the boys waited and watched, and from which they sallied forth on that 15th day of December. These forts are prominent objects from any outlook in the city, and long portions of our rifle-trenches still remain in the outskirts and just beyond the city limits.

Passing beyond these forts, we saw for two or three miles only the beautiful farms and elegant homes which line the pike. Beautiful groves of large oak and beech trees are characteristic now as during the war, and but for the scars they bear, their peaceful shadows would seem to dispute the stern facts of history, which declare that once the demon of war raged in all his fury beneath them. The stone walls have been repaired and are all in place on either side of the road. Here at our left and yonder in the field to our right, some distance away, are "spring houses," which are common to the region, no farm being complete without one. This is the ground over which Steedman's men went forth to the first assault on the morning of

that eventful day, moving out on our left with so strong a demonstration that he succeeded in completely withdrawing Hood's attention from our right, where the movement in force was being made. Twice did his men move grandly to the attack upon Cheatham, and though each time driven back, they succeeded in the purposes of their commander.

Overton's hill lies bordering the pike on the east or left-hand side, as we go towards it from the city. The northern slope is long and nowhere abrupt, but towards the top somewhat steep. It has, here and there, as during the war, a large, wide-spreading beech tree, but is otherwise quite free from wooded growth, presenting the appearance of a shaded hillside lawn. It was up this exposed slope that Steedman's colored brigade twice charged with as furious assault as was made by either side during the battle, leaving their slain so thickly scattered over the hillside that, according to the testimony of a confederate soldier who saw them, and with whom we talked on the battle-field, you could have stepped from one to the other.

Beech trees retain their scars but poorly, and they who content themselves with a look at the hill from the main road would be almost justified in saying that there are no marks of war in the vicinity. There are several tree-tops shattered by shot or shell, but the smaller marks, elsewhere so plentiful, are few or lacking. Here, however, was

the extreme right of Hood's "last ditch," which his battle-worn and wearied men worked all night to throw up. A growth of weeds just now hides that part of it nearest to the pike on the west side; but a cross-road, which intersects the pike at right angles just here, runs for half a mile along in front of it, westward. We drove down this road, with increasing wonder that we found nothing of these earthworks, which I knew must be in the vicinity. But a sudden turn in the road displayed a long stretch of trenches, clearly marked and well preserved. Weeds and brush growing thickly had hidden them so that for half a mile we had been within a few rods and going parallel with them without seeing them. One or two experiences of this kind will show one why so many report that they find nothing of interest remaining. A negro living near the earthworks told us that he had never known anyone before to drive out on this cross-road to visit them. Many or most people turn back too soon. We tied our horse, climbed the fence and walked a long distance along the line where the confederates under Stewart and S. D. Lee fought with desperation till about three o'clock on the afternoon of the 16th, when the men could be held no longer, but broke in confused masses for the Franklin pike, which was the only line of retreat left them through the Brentwood hills. Here we were on the line whence they fled. Here lay their wounded and dead. Yonder through field and

grove came our boys of Wood's and Smith's commands, pouring over stone wall and fences, until they occupied these deserted trenches and looked upon the flying fragments of Hood's army. Here too lay thickly scattered before these trenches the men who bought that victory with their life's blood. We searched in vain for fragments of shot or shell; but the man living near the works says they are plenty after a heavy rain or a fresh plowing.

In this field the plowing seems never to have touched the trenches themselves, but has been confined to a small piece in front of them. In the next, the works have been nearly leveled; but having found the direction from those which remain distinctly, you can trace the others through the cultivated fields by a faint ridge which runs westward towards the Granny White pike.

On our return ride to the city, pausing about four o'clock in the afternoon at a beautiful spring by the wayside to refresh ourselves and our animal, we "met up" with a member of the Tenth Tennessee cavalry, who had also stopped for a drink. We found a friend at once. He told me his war belongings and I told him mine, whereupon he declared: "You may be sure I think no less of you for that, for I'm mighty free to own now that you alls were on the right side and I was on the wrong. You know that, of course; but I know it too, now." Generals John-

ston and Buckner at General Grant's funeral; rank and file of the confederacy talking as I have quoted — can it be possible that we are only 20 years removed from those terrible days of bloodshed, when these men were our enemies and when we were to them the very incarnation of evil!

Our next excursion was southwestward along the line of the Granny White pike, which direction we took on the day following our visit to Overton's hill. In the city suburbs we found and traced for some distance that portion of our breastworks leading in a southwesterly direction from Fort Morton. Driving briskly along the well-kept pike over a gentle down grade, we were not long in reaching the outer line of Hood's works, small portions of which we found, extending from the pike eastward to a grove. A fence runs along their summit and one side has been plowed down, so that an untrained eye would probably overlook them altogether. But they are very accessible by a lane which reaches from the pike along their entire extent, just north of what was known as the Cantrell place during the war.

A little further south, perhaps half a mile, we succeeded, by the aid of a farmer who lives in the vicinity, in finding a portion of General S. D. Lee's works, who occupied Hood's center. A larger portion of Lee's works lay through what is now cultivated ground. Hence they have for the most part disappeared. The portion which we found and traced is about 150 yards in extent,

lying along the verge of Brown's creek. It is literally covered with a thick tangle of small trees and high bushes, but it is for that very reason the better preserved. It is very probable that its location may save it for many years to come. It may be found by following the cross-road (just south of the Cantrell place) eastward to the creek, and thence following up the course of the creek to the thick undergrowth. We spent some time with a cottager whose home is a little way from this portion of earthwork. His boys have gathered many relics of the field, and only a few days before our visit they sold a barrel of shot and shell for old iron! If some of those old shells are not yet heard from in the column of casualties, I lose my guess. They were not made for blast furnace crucibles to fool with.

Leaving this part of Hood's center, we returned to the pike and pursued our course a mile and a half further south, to Shy's hill and the several other hills with which it forms a short range immediately west of the Granny White pike and residence, and parallel with the pike. Along the crest of this line of high and steep hills Bates's division of Cheatham's corps threw up a hasty breastwork of loosely piled earth and broken stones, with which latter the hill-tops abound. This was the extreme left of Hood's last position, taken on the night of Dec. 15th, after he had been driven from the earthworks of his first line. Immediately in front of the Granny White resi-

dence we found a narrow, stony road leading up into a sort of pass which penetrates these hills. Up this road we went to their base and there left our carriage. We had now reached the very south spur of the short range and were between the positions occupied by Wilson's dismounted men (who had turned the confederate flank) and Cheatham's men. The steep ground by which we ascended, making our way over fallen timber and through the thick tangle of brush and weeds, is that over which Wilson's men made their last charge upon Bates's division of the enemy. Reaching the crest of the hill, we soon found the conglomerate breastwork. It must have been a strange scene on that wintry night, when thousands of men, weary with a severe day's fighting and heartsore from defeat, crowded these narrow hilltops, and by pine-knot lights set themselves to the work of piling the frozen ground and the cold stones to make for themselves a trench, in which they well knew that many of them would have to die before another sun should set. And here are the stones and earth which they piled, first along the crest of the hill westward, thence half way down the hill, thence northward along the western slope of the hill, through the narrow divide and up along the crest of the next hill north. Once in the ditch or on the embankment, there is no trouble to trace it. In all probability it will remain here for a century to come, for these rocky hill-tops' can never be worth tilling.

Here on one side of this ditch died the men who were clad in gray; and on the other, all along up the steep slope, died my comrades of Wilson's command, for it was that to which my regiment belonged. The trees, too, bear their marks. On the side of one I counted 24 distinct scars! As we walked we picked up a fragment of shell and several bits of canteens and cartridge boxes which were dropped here by men who had ceased to need them. But the thick weeds and underbrush prevented any effectual search for relics. I predict that the time will come when these hilltops will be made easily accessible, the brush cleared away, and the earthworks visited by thousands.

At the foot of Shy's hill, as we descended, we met two confederate soldiers. They did not challenge us. There was no "click, click" of a rising musket hammer, nor any clank of sabres. They simply looked up, one from his sorting of potatoes, and the other as he came towards us, and said cordially, "How d'y?" We answered, "How d'y?" Then we learned that one of them had been a member of the First Tennessee and the other of the Fourth. The spokesman of the two, Mr. Ned Scruggs, as he told us, was in the battle of Nashville, and yearly plants his potatoes and hoes his corn on the ground where he fought—and where he ran. He pointed out to us a gap in the hills through which he went "on double-quick time, yew bet, when our officers comed down the line and says, 'Every man take kyar of

hisself.' I made up my mind that I'd do it quick, and right hyar's where I comed threw on a right smart run." And he laughed heartily as he looked back on the figure which that fleeting Johnny must have cut. Yankees and bullets were after him, and haste was entirely proper. Neither he nor his comrades stood "on the order of their going;" they went. They had no time to laugh. It is safe to say they didn't see the joke then. These passing scores of years have wrought a change, when such a man can laugh with a yankee (all northerners are yankees here) over his own disasters. "I don't think no less of yew to-day than ef yew hed a been a rebel right along with the rest of us," was a part of the cordial greeting. "The soldiers never hed no feelin' agin one 'nother no how. Hit wuz a rich man's war an' a poor man's fight. Look a' how we'uns used to meet up with you alls, whenever we hed a chance, on the outposts. Why, we'uns and you'uns used to leave our guns an' meet up 'twixt the lines, an' talk haf hour at a time, an' trade papers an' one truck or other, when the officers warn't watchin'. Done it mo'n wunst myself." He pressed us to go to his house, but the afternoon was already well advanced and we had quite a ride before us, so were reluctantly compelled to decline. We returned the compliment and invited him to Kalamazoo. If all of our new-made acquaintances should accept our invitation and visit us at the same time, Kalamazoo would still be in danger of being taken by confederates.

An Emergency of War.

A CAVALRYMAN'S REMINISCENCE OF AN "UNWRITTEN" EPISODE—HOW A CITY ON THE BORDER SURPRISED ITSELF OF A WINTER'S MORNING.

We reached Louisville yesterday in the afternoon (Aug. 24th, 1885). The change in the city during the past twenty years, in growth, cleanliness, thrift and elegance is very noticeable. The town just now wears a holiday smile of banners and garlands because of its freshly opened Exposition.

Of course we have an open eye to all of these things. But our thoughts are mainly directed to other days when these streets were alive with another kind of visitors. Louisville had all of the "crowds" that she wanted in those days. The persistency with which they came must have been discouraging to the thousands of her citizens who prayed for the Johnnies and cursed the Yankees. Over the river yonder, a little above Jeffersonville, nearly opposite the old shot tower, is the site of our camp where, for several weeks, we knocked around in the snow and wondered why the authorities did not send us south to close up the war.

Later in the war, a few months after the fall of Atlanta, we were encamped over here in the southeastern outskirts of the city. Many of our horses had been worn out on the Atlanta campaign.

The rest we had turned over to Kilpatrick's command at Rome, Georgia, and had returned by rail to this city to get fresh horses. During the first days of December we received the company "picket ropes"—long and heavy lines to be stretched from post to post, each long enough to tie the hundred horses of a company to. These we were ordered to have in readiness for our horses; so we knew that the horses themselves could not be far away. They were in fact much nearer than we thought. On the crisp, cold night of December 8th, 1864, a detail of men from each company and regiment was ordered to report with as little noise as possible at a given place in the city. It was about midnight. Quietly the men marched into the city. To each detail a certain portion of the city was assigned, and the men were speedily sub-divided into squads, so that each knew how many houses had been assigned to it. Then at the pre-arranged hour, simultaneously the stables all over the city of Louisville were thrown open and the much-surprised horses, without regard to "race, color or previous condition of servitude," were led forth, formed into line and started in procession "by twos" for camp. So quietly was this done that with only here and there an exception, the unsuspecting citizens slept on in blissful ignorance of the fact that, while they dreamed, there had been effected a prodigious and startling transfer of ownership in horse-flesh. It didn't take Louisville long to wake up and get her clothes on in the morning however. It may be remarked that "she done 'woke up, quick, fo' shuah." By daylight thousands of horses, which the night before had been put into their warm stables, stood out of doors in long and shivering rows, making each others' acquaintance and voting that "the war was a failure."

Suggestions to Future Visitors.

HOW THESE HISTORIC LOCALITIES MAY BE SEEN TO
BEST ADVANTAGE—AN INVITING FIELD FOR SUMMER
TOURISTS.

In the interest of those who have never been over the ground and who may be contemplating a trip to the historic scenes of which I have written, I have been asked to add a brief chapter of such suggestions as might be helpful. As to the time—very many, perhaps most, are frightened away from the South at that time of the year when most of those who travel have a few weeks of vacation. They are afraid of the weather. Allow me to remind them that a little more than twenty years ago it was a very popular thing to go South. Hundreds of thousands went in the summer as well as in the winter. Traveling there used to be a trifle inconvenient and dangerous; but no one laid it to the weather. Both of the trips mentioned in the previous pages were made in the month of August. On the latter the writer was accompanied by his wife. On both occasions the thermometer ranged lower at Chattanooga during the first week of August than it had in southern Michigan during the last week of July. On Lookout Mountain

the heat is never oppressive, rarely reaching 85 degrees Fahrenheit. Probably the latter part of May or the fore part of June would be the most favorable season for southern travel. I should, however, greatly prefer the month of August to any in the early spring, late autumn or winter, in all of which seasons one is liable to encounter dreary and protracted rains.

If you have seen no battle ground of the war and desire to see the most possible in the least space, by all means visit Chattanooga. My reasons for such advice are sufficiently set forth in the preceding pages. Either going or returning you will want to enjoy the wonderful scenery of the Cincinnati Southern railway. My way has been to go by that route and return by Nashville. In case you choose that way you will want to take the early morning train from Cincinnati. That will give you all of the most remarkable views, through the mountains and the tunnel region, before dark. By that route you reach Chattanooga about nine o'clock in the evening.

Good hotel accommodations can be secured in the city for two dollars a day. If you wish to protract your visit, as many do, excellent accommodations can be had at thirty dollars a month. The hotel rates on the mountain are ordinarily two dollars a day, with but slight reduction for protracted boarders. Some secure board with the farmers and thus make their stay serve the double purpose of giving them not only the magnificent scenery of

the mountain, but also glimpses of mountain life. If one wishes he can have their plain but wholesome fare at four or five dollars a week. The livery accommodations are ample and, with proper care on the part of the tourist, reasonable. I have found it of advantage to arrange with one stable in advance, for so much a day, and have had no trouble to secure rates as moderate as anywhere in the north; single rig, all day, three dollars; half-day drives, one dollar and fifty cents.

There is really no need of a guide unless one is greatly hurried. Any person can find the principal points of interest by enquiry and when they are reached he will not be limited by the haste of a guide. Most of these points in or about the city are in plain view. If you are limited for time you can visit Rock Fort, Cameron Hill, Fort Wood, Orchard Knob, and the National Cemetery, in one day. But it would be better and in the end far more satisfactory to spend a day at the latter place. The natural and artistic elements of the spot are all that could be desired. That is a small consideration however. The men who sleep there have earned something more than a hasty visit to the place where their ashes rest. Uncover your head and walk for a time amid their graves, thinking upon the price of your liberties. From whatever part of the North, you will be sure to find on those low head-stones more than one familiar name.

Missionary Ridge, in plain sight, should have a day. You will have a charming drive to the Ridge

and beautiful views during the ascent and from the summit. Every rod from its northern end to Rossville is historic, but that part of the slope up which the famous charge occurred is opposite the city and can be pointed out by almost anyone. Chickamauga battle-field lies nine miles southeast of the city and its points of greatest interest can be reached without difficulty. The road to Rossville is all in view from various elevated points in the city. When through the Gap at Rossville any farmer can direct you to Mr. Kelley's, whose house stands at a point where some of the hardest fighting occurred. He can direct you to Mr. Snodgrass's, where Gen. Thomas had his headquarters during the last day's fighting. From there you can go through the woods in any direction without going amiss. Anyone contemplating such a visit would find the little volume, "The Army of the Cumberland," by Gen. Henry M. Cist, a great help. His description of the battle of Chickamauga and of the whole region is very intelligent and clear.

On Lookout Mountain you will want to visit the Point, Rock City, the Natural Bridge, and if possible, Lulu Lake. The latter requires a carriage ride of seven miles. If possible plan for at least a week or ten days on the mountain. Every additional day's ramble will find something new and surprising in that region of unparalleled scenery.

Atlanta lies one hundred and forty-five miles south of Chattanooga and from the cars a hundred historic points can be seen on the way thither:

Ringgold, Tunnel Hill, Dalton, Resaca, Cartersville, Allatoona Pass, Kenesaw Mountain, Marietta and others. Many days could be spent in and around Atlanta, visiting the trenches and forts which still remain.

Returning via Nashville, the railroad takes you through Murfreesboro and the National cemetery there. The battle-field there is nearly all open ground and, lying on both sides of the railroad, can be seen from the car window. The letters on the war surroundings of Nashville will indicate the points of chief interest and how to reach them.

Without especially reduced rates, the round trip to Chattanooga from any point near Chicago, including all expenses of a week's stay there and on the mountain, need not be more than \$65. Of course the more extended trip to Atlanta will cost more in proportion.

THE END.

THE UNITED SERVICE

THE ONLY MAGAZINE IN THE UNITED STATES DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

MILITARY, NAVAL AND CIVIL SERVICE.

THE UNITED SERVICE FOR 1886.

Among the many contributions of special interest we call special attention to the following:

The series of articles on the late war, by authors who participated in the battles which they describe, both Federal and Confederate, among whom will be:

Brevet Major-General, Brigadier-General O. O. HOWARD, U. S. A. "Sherman's Campaign of 1864."

Brevet Major-General Brigadier-General (retired), R. W. JOHNSON, U. S. A. "The Battle of Stone River."

Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers Major A. M. RANDOL, First U. S. Artillery (late Colonel Second New York Cavalry, "Harris's Light") "The second New York Cavalry at Appomattox, April 8 and 9, 1885."

Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers, Colonel A. S. DAGGETT, Second U. S. Infantry. "The Battle of Rappahannock Station."

Colonel A. G. BRACKETT, Third U. S. Cavalry. "The Battle of Ezra Church."

Colonel HORATIO C. KING. "Reminiscences of a Quartermaster, 1864-65"

Lieutenant-Colonel ALEXANDER R. CHISOLM, Aide-de-Camp to General Beauregard. "Reminiscences of an Aide-de-Camp—The Battle of Shiloh."

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, Captain M. H. STACY, Twelfth U. S. Infantry. "The Battles on the Weldon Railroad, 1864."

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, Captain W. R. PARSELL, First U. S. Cavalry. "Recollections of 1863"

Also "REMINISCENCES OF A WESTERN VOLUNTEER," and numerous other war articles, which will be duly announced.

Cruises of U. S. men-of-war during the first half of this century, from the diaries of officers attached to them will be given with interesting descriptions of countries in all parts of the world, anecdotes of naval officers of that day never before published. "The Cruise of the 'Vincennes'" of the November UNITED SERVICE opened the series.

Articles on the Cavalry, Artillery, Infantry, by officers of the respective corps, whose names will be a guarantee of their capacity to treat of subjects dealt with.

The NATIONAL GUARD will receive attention in the Magazine, as an article entitled "THE NATIONAL GUARD OF THE UNITED STATES" by General HORATIO C. KING, in the January number will be followed by others.

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